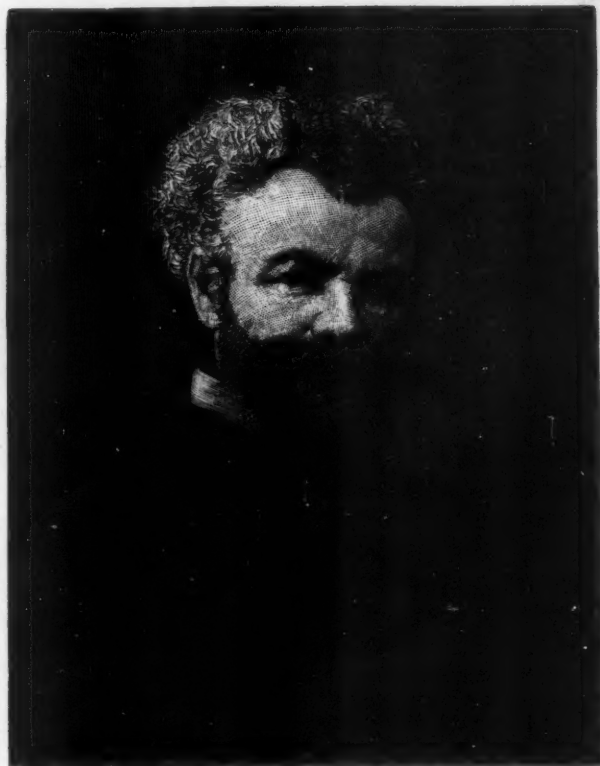


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MICHAEL MUNKACSY.

WHEN Michael Munkacsy's now world-famous picture of "Christ Before Pilate" was first exhibited in Paris, in June 1881, its appearance caused a veritable art sensation. No such fire of criticism had been aroused by any picture painted within our century. In its conception and execution, the "Christ" was a daring innovation. All foregone traditions were cast aside. It was an audacious handling of a subject hitherto attempted on any large or ambitious scale only by the great artists of the Renaissance. As a creation it was as novel and original as if Tintoretto had never dreamed or Rembrandt handled a brush. The dominant note of its originality was its modernness. Here was a picture at last which gave an entirely new and nineteenth-century rendering to an ideal subject. This "Christ" had the stamp of the century upon it. Such a work could only have been produced in an age of religious doubt and intellectual freedom. As such, it was claimed by radicals as the great picture which had finally appeared to typify

the naturalistic tendencies of the age. Realists hailed in Munkacsy the genius who had come to free art, ideal art, from classical and religious trammels and superstitions.

On the other hand, the "Christ" aroused a storm of adverse criticism from those who had neither admiration or even tolerance for the new school of naturalism; who attack from the highest standpoint of critical grounds the introduction of realism into the domain of art. To believers and idealists this new picture stood as the embodiment of the most demoralizing intellectual teachings of the age.

But whatever the verdict awarded the picture upon ethical grounds, there was no question as to its merits as a work of art. Its harshest critics and detractors admitted its greatness as a production. It was universally regarded, both by the press and the Parisian public, as one of the first pictures of the century, if not, indeed, the very first.

In France it is no idle boast that art has no country. Michael Munkacsy was Hungarian, having no claim upon French pride or French patriotism. He was only one among the thousands who have chosen Paris as their adopted home, drawn thither by the irresistible spell of its art fascinations. Yet, when through his new picture, the artist achieved the greatness of glory and success which crowns genius, Paris fêted the

fervor, and exclaimed, amid the tumultuous applause of the three hundred guests, "This is my speech!"

But the greatest triumphs which greeted the artist were those tendered him by his own countrymen. After the close of the exhibition in Paris, the "Christ" was sent to Buda-Pesth on its way to Vienna. Shortly afterward Munkacsy determined to visit his native country. The story of his reception there reads like one of those



GROUP, FROM "THE CONDEMNED."

Hungarian as enthusiastically as if he had been born a Frenchman. It is this heartiness and generosity of response to creative talent which makes Paris the only Athens of our day—the true nursery and home of the ideal.

At one of the many banquets given to Munkacsy in those first days of his triumph, a little incident occurred delightfully characteristic, not only of that French emotionalism at which it pleases us to smile, but also proving the large generosity of French feeling. Jules Breton, the celebrated painter, was called upon for a toast. In response to the invitation, he rose, approached Munkacsy, threw his arms about him with true Gallic

beautiful old tales of mediæval enthusiasm—such a tale as comes down to us from the time, six hundred years ago, when all Florence joined in the procession which, with festal music and streaming banners, bore Cimabue's wondrous Madonna from the painter's house to its resting-place in the dark little Chapel of Santa Maria della Novella. For Munkacsy also, in these days of nineteenth-century prose, there was the poetic pean of music and festal pageantry. His entrance into a city was like that of a king. His advent was the signal for an ovation. On reaching Buda-Pesth, the whole city turned out to do him honor, municipal and clerical authorities preceding the brilliant *cortège* of young girls

who flung flowers in his path, and of citizens and art-students who rent the air with their "bravas!"

In the Palais des Arts, where his "Christ" was on exhibition, he was led, there to be crowned by the venerable archbishop, who addressed him in language which matched well with the old-time enthusiasm of his reception: "Great compatriot! illustrious citizen! we salute thee with respect! Thou art the great Magyar painter! Thou art the painter anointed by genius! We present to thee a crown for thy triumphal return to Hungary. Receive it as the homage of our admiration inspired by

as unknown to the throng of English, German and American visitors as it appeared unpronounceable to the French and Italian critics. But there was no mistaking the strength of the artist's genius. The "Milton" was declared to be, both by the press and the public, the picture of the exhibition, and the art judge ratified the verdict by awarding it the honor of the Grand Prix. With this sudden celebrity fresh interest was naturally enough awakened in the other pictures sent by Munkacsy to the exhibition. In these, "Les Recrues Hongrois" and "L'Intérieur de l'Atelier,"



GROUP, FROM "THE CONDEMNED."

thy genius." Certain episodes in Rubens' romantic career alone furnish a parallel to this picture of overwhelming adulation.

The interest in the history and career of the man who has evoked such a recognition of his genius deepens when it is known that no longer ago than 1878 he had barely been heard of by the great world. Previous to the Paris International Exhibition, where his "Milton" brought him into sudden fame, Munkacsy had been known among certain circles of painters and the *concenti* of Paris and Germany as an artist who had produced some clever *genre* pictures. But he ranked no higher than a dozen other clever *genre* painters. Among the masterpieces that filled the art galleries of the exhibition, however, there was one picture so striking in its power and originality as to excite universal admiration. It was signed *Michael Munkacsy*, a name almost

the artist displayed a versatility both of method and of fancy, and a breadth of scope which proved that the extent of his gamut was a wide one. No scene could be imagined in more marked contrast to the finish and poetic treatment of the "Milton" than the realistic figures dashed in with a *con furioso* touch composing the group in "Les Recrues." In "L'Intérieur" an equally distinct note of originality was struck. Here was an entirely new treatment of a *genre* subject, as unique in style and as novel in character as Fortuny's famous "interiors;" but this picture had none of that painter's rococo extravagances, recalling, on the contrary, the finish and the repose of those older masters whose methods were at once so simple and so subtle.

In a very marked degree Munkacsy's art has followed his fortunes. In the early days of his poverty and obscurity he painted those mournful figures and land-

scapes—reproductions of scenes from his native country—which won for him his first successes. But of late years, since his days of opulence, his canvases have reproduced, in a somewhat unusual degree, the splendor which characterizes his life. It may, indeed, be doubted whether the secret of much of Munkacsy's success in solving some of the difficulties of his art is due to the fact that latterly fortune has placed him in the midst of splendid surroundings. It is questionable whether if he had remained poor he would ever have risen to greatness, in the sense that Millet became great in despite of his poverty. Munkacsy has the orientalist's love of magnificence, and an actual need of it as a source of artistic inspiration. As Wagner composed best when seated in a room splendidly upholstered, Munkacsy has a like impressibility to surroundings. He paints best amidst gold and velvet; and rich stuffs and beautiful *objets d'art* are as stimulating to him as wine is to others. He does not possess the glowing, luxuriant imagination of Delacroix or Rubens. He is a realist; he is at his best with his subjects before him, and when his *milieu* is in harmony with his tastes. It is certain, for instance, that he could never have painted the gorgeous *mise-en-scène* of the "Christ" amidst poor or mean surroundings. The pictures which have made him famous, the "Milton" and this "Christ Before Pilate," are the products of his princely days, since he dwells in one of the most sumptuous of Parisian houses, and paints in a studio as beautiful as a page out of the Arabian Nights' dream.

Munkacsy's house is in the centre of the new Parnassus, which of late years has sprung into being as if by enchantment, in the Parc Monceau quarter. Painters and authors, actors and sculptors, have forsaken their classic haunts at Montmartre and the Place Clichy for the art-Canaan which centres about the Place Maesherbes and Avenue de Villiers. The Hungarian painter has bought a large brick dwelling on the latter boulevard. Outwardly the house presents no exceptionally imposing appearance, but inside it is a palace for princes to envy.

The studio proper is situated at the top of the house, and to reach it one passes a noble hallway and several flights of wide stairs, which, in the language of modern artist-upholsterers, are beautifully "treated;" the portières, stained glass windows, eastern rugs and armor forming a *mélange* of rich, subdued and most harmonious tints.

Upon first entering the studio one is neither conscious of the noble proportions nor of the admirable lighting of this beautiful room. The eye is dazzled by the gorgeousness of the decorations. A carnival of color meets the glance. If the Orient, with the richest treasures of its tints and stuffs, had been poured into Munkacsy's studio, no more thoroughly eastern effect, both in sumptuous splendor and originality of contrast, could have been produced. This is indeed the ideal studio, where profusion seems to beget a most artistic confusion, and where the useful and the splendid combine in unexpected picturesqueness.

The room, large and lofty in width and height, is fitted up in the style of the German Renaissance. There are splendid bits of carving in the great wooden fireplace in the oaken gallery which, five or six feet from the ceiling, runs along the south side of the room, and over the balustrade of which are thrown rare tapestries and Venetian rugs. In one corner of the room stands an antique carved pulpit, the rescued relic of some old monastery. There are also two beautiful twisted columns supporting the lintel of a great doorway,

interesting as specimens of early French carving. But the studio borrows its greatest splendor from the eastern stuffs which crowd every nook and corner. Over the Algerian tabourets, the inlaid tables, the divans and ottomans are strewn garments of strange hues and marvelous fashion—Chinese embroidered robes, silvered burnous, Japanese scarfs and caftas stiff with their gold and silver flowers and birds. Even from the ceiling depend delicate crêpes and dainty amber-colored gauzes. Silken draperies screen doors; and Chinese screens of all imaginable colors, dense with pictorial embroideries, crowd every corner of the vast apartment. To relieve the eye, which otherwise would become fatigued before such a world of opulence in color, the walls are dark, irregularly covered with sketches, portraits, ceramics and cabinets. On several of the tables are giant hot-house plants, spreading palms and stately *cacti*, or tall vases filled with flowers.

On the occasion of our first visit to the studio it chanced to be the painter's reception day. The room was filled with groups of richly-dressed Parisiennes, whose Worth costumes were in curious contrast to the oriental character of their surrounding, producing one of those *bizarre* effects the late craze for orientalism has brought into fashion. Critics and artists were there also in full force, hovering among whom, in the zeal of her hospitable spirit, was Madame Munkacsy, whose beautiful toilet of peacock plush suggested the plumage of some rare tropical bird. To this bouquet of color was added the rich liveries of lackeys, assiduously passing coffee, gorgeous in their crimson satin waistcoats and gold-embroidered coats. Such a scene might have tempted the brush of Paul Veronese, and one could wish that Munkacsy may be inspired to reproduce on a larger and grander scale than "La Visite à Bébé" and "Les Deux Familles," a transcription of the brilliant splendor of a similar modern scene, which recalls, by its opulence and elegance, the days of Venetian magnificence. The chief topic of discussion was the recently finished "La Fête à Papa," which was standing upon the large easel, and which one veteran critic pronounced to be "La perfection de la coquetterie." Then the talk turned to the "Christ," which was just then the great art sensation in Paris. Munkacsy himself was one of this little group, and listened with much earnestness and interest to all that was said. Then, after a little, when the conversation turned upon the figure of "Christ," and a discussion arose as to the precise meaning to be read in the attitude, he began to explain what he had himself attempted to typify in his creation.

"I wanted to paint a man, not a God. How can one paint a God? It is impossible. Besides, it was the human, not the mystic, side of Christ's character which attracted me. One can only paint what one feels."

This and much more was said with a simplicity and directness which are the chief characteristics of Munkacsy's manner. In conversation especially he possesses this first of personal charms. His simplicity is as unstudied as it is effective in putting others at their ease. Though neither a brilliant nor a particularly fluent talker, the rapidity of his speech perhaps hindered by his use of a foreign tongue, Munkacsy seldom fails to talk freely about what concerns his art. He displays an eagerness and naturalness, when such subjects are touched upon, we are apt to associate with the more youthful period of a man's enthusiasms; but, in point of fact, what artist ever grows old? Munkacsy, so far from being old, has not as yet reached the term of years appointed to a man's completest maturity. He is thirty-six, though both face and figure would suggest the

MILTON DICTATING "PARADISE LOST" TO HIS DAUGHTERS.
Engraved after the original painting in the Lenox Library, New York, by G. P. Williams.



forties; for he has the rounded back of the diligent worker, and the face has the pallor that proclaims a severe strain on the vital forces. The face is itself of the pure Magyar type—high cheek-bones, bulging forehead, prominent lips, and eyes so small but of such tremendous shining qualities that they can alone be compared to the Mongolian. These are not the features of a dreamer nor of an idealist; they belong to the order of genius that gives us the radicals, the creators, the innovators. Munkacsy is all of these, his Magyar blood and ancestry bequeathing to him a heritage of daring courage and adventurousness in his aims and conceptions.

The story of the painter's early life has found its way into print, the various versions of which bear so little relation to the truth that a kind of Munkacsy legend has been invented. Yet the truth is romantic enough to have no need of biographer's embellishments. This truth we were fortunate enough to hear from Munkacsy himself. One morning, happening to call at the studio at an early hour—early, that is, for late-rising Paris—and taking advantage of a *tête-à-tête* freedom of talk to recount to him an amusing fabrication concerning his earlier career which had lately appeared in a Western newspaper, Munkacsy, after a hearty laugh, said:

"I presume you have never heard the real facts of my life, so many untruths are published; yet the truth is simple enough. My father was a Hungarian tax-gatherer, and I am one of five children. During the Hungarian Revolution he was thrown into prison, as were many others, by the Prussians. He had refused to give up the tax-money which he had in his cash-box, and suffered for his honesty. My mother died when I was quite young. We children were thus left adrift till five uncles and aunts charitably came to our assistance. One of us went to live with each. I was sent to live with an aunt at Czarba. One day a band of brigands entered our house, and, after pillaging and destroying everything they could lay hands on, they beat my aunt so cruelly that she died. I managed to escape. An uncle residing at Arad consented to take charge of me after this event. He was a farmer in a very small way, not rich enough to spend much money on my education, so that when I was ten years old he put me to work at a joiner's, where I spent seven of the most unhappy years of my life. While I was at the joiner's, I fell ill of a fever, and perhaps to this misfortune or chance I may attribute the change in my career. I was sent home to my uncle's to be nursed. The intermittent fever from which I was suffering left me intervals of comparative health. When I was not too ill I used to amuse myself by drawing and painting, and I developed a prodigious taste for writing execrable verses. In fact, I dreamed I was a poet. But fate decreed I was to be a painter; for my uncle, seeing one day some of my crude drawings, thought it just as well to let me have a few lessons—with a view to the joinery business.

"There happened just then to be a clever painter called Szamosi in the town. One day he saw some of my crude efforts and they pleased him. He advised me strongly to give up carpentry and try art. My uncle, of course, opposed the idea, but to no purpose. Szamosi and I left him one morning and went off to Arad, where for some time we lived and worked together, and where I learned of my good Professor the elements and some of the difficulties of art.

"Had I known the difficulties earlier," said Munkacsy here with a grave smile, "I question whether I should ever have become a painter.

"This happened in 1861. Szamosi taught me not only drawing, but literature and history. He was, indeed, as kind as a father to me. People often annoy me by saying that I was the pupil of an itinerant sign-painter, and so on. The fact is, Szamosi (who is still alive and doing well in Hungary) was and is a good painter and an excellent teacher. He is the only master I ever had.

"From Arad I went to Buda-Pesth (where I sent in some *genre* pictures to the Kunst Verein), and thence to Vienna. I had a hard life of it; working much and making very little. My intention in going to Vienna was to study with Professor Rath, but he died about that time, and I worked for some time alone at the Vienna Academy.

"On leaving it I spent two years at Munich, and thence proceeded to Düsseldorf, where I made the acquaintance of Kraus, and painted my first important picture, 'Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné,' which, as you know, was sent to the Paris salon and carried off a medal. It was painted, I acknowledge, in the very dark manner with which I am often reproached. It was not until I came to Paris that I began to get rid of this fault. Paris has contributed much to my present success. Indeed, it has widened my views of art and rid me of my tendency to gloom."

It was not in this, but on still another day, that we learned how the painter came by his peculiar name. It was as Michka Liebs that he worked in the joiner's workshop, the latter being the family name; but upon his becoming an artist, he changed Munkacs, the name of the town in which he was born, to Munkacsy, adopting the latter as his artist appellation.

Among modern artists, perhaps none are more untraveled than Munkacsy. His own confession that, except of certain portions of Austria and Hungary, and a few of the Continental art cities, such as Munich, Düsseldorf and Paris, he had seen nothing, even of Europe, was surprising indeed—the more so, since in the "Christ" the grouping of the multitude suggests thorough familiarity and study of Eastern life and character. He has never even been to Italy, except for a single day passed at Venice.

His art has both suffered and gained by this loss. The "Christ," it is safe to say, would never had been given to the world in its present form had the artist had the originality of his conception in a certain measure impaired by a too intimate acquaintance with the masterpieces of Italian religious art. On the other hand, the great painting would unquestionably have gained something in unity, and its defects been the less pronounced, had the painter been enabled to make a study of the great masters a part of his early education.

Michael Munkacsy, in the growth and development of his art and genius, has passed through several quite distinctly marked processes, for his genius is of an eclectic order. It is also of such vigor and scope that its fullest expression could only be attained with the maturity of the artist's powers. These processes can be very easily traced and defined. The works produced in what may be termed his earlier manner were those painted when under the influence of *l'école du noir*, when, fresh from the Munich and Düsseldorf schools, he had become infected with their tendency to gloom. Munkacsy, though perhaps the most distinctly original artist of the century, has by no means escaped either the art influences or the contemporaneous mannerisms of the time. While of late years no painter has cut his way through the traditions of the school with more superb indifference to their dictates, or a higher scorn of all that



FIGURE FROM "THE TWO FAMILIES."

fell short of original creation, still, like all other workers, he owes a large debt to his early training. His stay in Munich, and, more particularly, his study under the Munich painter, Kraus, tended greatly to develop his style, and his early "dark" manner is distinctly to be traced to these sources.

The pictures produced during this period—during his days of poverty, obscurity and even want—were "Les Rodeurs de Nuit," "Le Héros d'un Village," "Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné," etc., being for the most part reproductions of scenes and incidents peculiar to the artist's native country. Coarse, half-civilized peasants, a wild, untamed landscape, straggling, bewildered-looking villages—such were the subjects of his brush in those earlier days, when the memories of his native land were fresh upon him. The chief qualities of these earlier pictures were their realism, the dramatic

force displayed, and the capacity of the artist for investing a subject with the charm of poetic feeling. The longing to give utterance to an ardent poetic impulse, which, as a boy, prompted him to seek comfort in the writing of bad verse, in the tragic pathos of these scenes from Hungarian life found its fuller expression. These pictures were poems, in a word—poems of passion, of heroism, and, oftener still, of despair. The most famous of these, "Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné," which won a medal at the Salon of 1868, is replete with a truly tragical intensity. The picture shows the interior of a dungeon, filled with a gaping, curious crowd of townspeople and peasants, who, in accordance with an old Hungarian custom, which allows a condemned man, on the eve of his execution, to be exposed to satisfy public curiosity, have come to take a look at the prisoner. The condemned man, the very embodiment of a last hope,

sits in the midst of the unfeeling crowd, as far removed from them, plunged as he is in the depths of his despair, as if he were already on the scaffold. He does not even hear the sobs of his wife—she who is soon to become his widow—and who, in her anguish, is pressing her head, covered with her poor, trembling hands, against the wall. This latter figure is admirable, wonderful for its truthful feeling and for the art with which her grief is suggested rather than depicted. Her face is hidden, the figure and pose of the body alone showing the agony that convulses her.

The impression of shuddering horror produced by the vivid realism with which the subject is handled gains added force from the gloom in which the whole scene is plunged. But in this picture, at least, the artist formed some excuse for his use of those effects which constitute the characteristics of *l'école du noir*. The gloomy tragedy demanded still gloomier surroundings. Both in this and in the other works belonging to this epoch, the sombre color, the atmosphere of sadness and melancholy which pervades them, have unquestionably much to do with their puissant fascination.

There are many who maintain that in those earlier days Munkacsy did his best work; that he displayed a force, a vigor of invention and an unapproached dramatic earnestness. His art in becoming more finished and perfected, has lost something, naturally, of the fire and boldness which are part of the immortal properties of youth. They point to his peasants, coarse and often quite out of drawing, but how sternly earnest! to his landscapes, rude and wanting in atmosphere, but how vital in expression! and to his situations, chosen with such rare art and permeated with such genius, enthusiasm and sympathy. It is undoubtedly this latter quality which explains Munkacsy's popularity. He is both dramatic and human. Hence his appreciation by the masses. The dramatic faculty, indeed, he possesses in a remarkable degree. His pictures all tell their story, so that those who run may read. If he is a poet, there is nothing nebulous about his poetry; its meaning may be read by the most ignorant observer.

This simplicity and distinctness both of conception and execution comes out with tremendous emphasis in the "Milton," which may be said to mark Munkacsy's second or later manner. It is in the "Milton" that this artist also first displays his strength as a colorist. Here is no hint of black tones, of sombre shadows, of impenetrable gloom; his "bit unnamed" seems to have dropped from him as by enchantment, and, like some mortal suddenly invested with a supernatural gift, Munkacsy springs into being as a colorist and a colorist of most rare and peculiar genius. In the "Milton" and "L'Intérieur" there is at once a richness and a depth, a warmth and a luminosity in the color which differentiates it from that of any other living painter. Makart may by some be thought to possess superior qualities as a colorist, but Munkacsy is at once more sober and less recklessly extravagant in his methods of producing striking effects.

The "Milton" is painted in a warm key of color, where the black of the poet's costume contrasts with rich grays of the young girl's dresses, relieved by the gayer colors of the oriental table-cloth, the combination producing a harmony as powerful as it is profound. This noble painting, perhaps the finest of its class in America, is owned by the Lenox Library, in New York, by the courtesy of whose superintendent the artist was permitted to make notes for the fine engraving published herewith.

But it was in "L'Atelier," perhaps, that the painter's

natural taste as a colorist displayed itself. In this he proved his love for the splendid in color, for reproducing in all the fire of their glowing beauties the glimmer of jewels, the shimmer of iridescent silks and satins, joying in their color and magnificence as did Rubens before him. The sumptuous background, with its *mélée* of bric-a-brac, *curios*, tapestries and ceramics, were marvels of painting in their way. None but an artist who delighted in such things for their own sake could so have grouped and represented their beauties. They were painted with the full strength of his eye and touch; such a touch as Couture describes when, in speaking of Paul Veronese, he says of him that he painted with a full brush and a single stroke. This is the stroke possessed in masterly strength by Vollon, and equally so by Munkacsy, a power in mere technique which enables them both to reproduce, with a sweep of the brush, the momentary fitful flash emitted by a jewel or the evanescent shimmer on satin or steel.

Of late years, in the intervals of his more serious toil, Munkacsy has produced a number of lighter works, *genre* interiors, which have won him a wider reputation in certain circles than his more ambitious pictures. In England, especially, his sole renown, before the exhibition of the "Christ," was as a painter of several delightful *genres*. The more famous of these, "La Visite à Bébé," "La Fête à Papa," "Les Deux Familles," are certainly very different, both in subject and execution, from any of his other pictures. All of them, however, recall, by their simplicity of motive and their atmosphere of sumptuous splendor, "L'Intérieur de l'Atelier." These pictures are admirable examples of Munkacsy's versatility. It is difficult indeed to believe that the man who painted the rude primitive scenes, the grave, ardent faces of his earlier Hungarian works, canvases upon which the paint seems to have been dashed, can be the author of these luxurious, elegant interiors, the painter of these delicately featured, fashionably attired Parisian beauties, the dainty babies with their laces and frills, and the aristocratic young girls, recalling, in the refinement of their finish, the best of Velasquez. In these later works Munkacsy has reproduced for us what is exceedingly rare in modern *genre*, scenes in high life, which are wholly free from either affectation or extravagance. The figures are real personages; they belong to the world, as their elegance of costume and their *entourages* proclaim. Their chief charm, perhaps, lies in the enchanting atmosphere which the artist imparts to his scenes—an atmosphere of such lightness and transparency that it is indeed incredible that only a few years ago Munkacsy was one of the most confirmed among the disciples of *l'école du noir*. In the sense that Correggio among the great masters, and Diaz among modern painters, are luminarists, Munkacsy cannot be said to have mastered the deeper secrets of the treatment of light; nor does he suffuse his canvases with that brilliant radiance of color which Fortuny, Madrazo and Makart delight in. Even now that Munkacsy paints light, he prefers to give its reflection rather than its substance. In "La Fête à Papa," for instance, the picture fairly glows with light, but it is a tempered glow, the sunlight softened and mellowed as though shining through rich stained glass or the folds of fleecy lace. The transition from such light and delicate idyls of domestic life to the contemplation of the great tragedy of the "Christ Before Pilate" is a tremendous step. Yet it only marks the extraordinary versatility and wide range which characterize Munkacsy's genius.

Munkacsy, in his great picture of "Christ," was fortunate in choosing one of the few scenes of the Lord's Passion which has been the least portrayed; the painters of the Renaissance appearing to have preferred almost every other than this, in their illustration of the history of this Sacrifice. Yet it is one admirably

multitude is a coarse, cruel-faced man of the people, who, with brawny, uplifted arms and wide-open mouth, is in the act of crying "Crucify him! Crucify him!" In the foreground stands the warrior-like figure of a Roman soldier, pressing back the eager crowd with his long spear-headed lance. All these forty figures are



"CHRIST." (FIGURE FROM "LE CHRIST DEVANT PILATE.")

adapted to the demands of art. Few other episodes in the Passion are more intensely dramatic, or appeal more directly to our sympathies and understanding.

The artist has chosen the moment when Pilate, confronted with the accusers of Christ, who have brought him bound to the tribunal, is unable to convince himself of the prisoner's guilt. The scene is beautifully composed. Pilate is represented as seated on a raised dais, clothed in white. On either side of the Roman governor are the Jewish judges, Pharisees and the scribes, and at his right is the high-priest, a superb type of the haughty, imperious fanatical Jew; he is denouncing the Saviour's pretentious claims and proclaiming his guilt as usurper and false prophet with gestures of imposing yet violent enforcement. In the centre of the picture stands the Christ, facing, with calm, unmoved expression, both his accusers and his Roman judge. Crowding about him, pushing him, brutally staring and sneering, are the jeering, mocking populace, that Jewish people who are crying aloud that his blood may be upon their head. The most conspicuous figure among the

crowding the outer halls of a vast building whose grand architectural construction forms a superb frame to this noble scene. Through the open portico one catches a glimpse of the outlying city of Jerusalem, over which the artist has hung a curtain of deep blue sky.

Scarcely less striking than the composition is the color. The canvas is one glow of light, luminous with its sumptuous harmony of tints. So completely has Munkacsy proved himself a master of *chiaroscuro*, that the figures literally seem to stand out from the canvas. They move and breathe in a real atmosphere, and appear to be suffused in real light. Yet, compared with such a picture as Correggio's "La Notte," this, it must be confessed, would be called a dark picture. In his distribution of lights, and for the richness of his tone, Munkacsy has chosen the effects known as Rembrandt-*esque*. The luminous points are the more dazzling for being painted against a distinctly black background; these centres of light, Pilate's drapery, Christ's garment and the tunics and turbans of the principal figures in the foreground, all for the most part white, stand out

with peculiar radiance against the blacks and deep browns with which they are contrasted. It is such effects as these which make the picture luminous. But for strong, deep color and a truly rich harmony, one turns from these more radiant lights to the warm tints of the Oriental draperies, to the sober splendor of the high-priest's robes, to the superb cloaks and tunics of the Jewish populace. Never, on a modern canvas, have such an orgie and tints and hues been presented to the eye; all the resources of a true colorist's palette have been exhausted in producing these varied harmonies, these delicate, tender tones, these deep, strong contrasts.

It may be because Munkacsy has reproduced for us, by means of these rich costumes and appointments, something of the accredited splendor of the East, that, in his creation, the Jewish character seems to have found a new expositor. Though the subject is as old as Christendom, we seem for the first time to make acquaintance with that Jewish people who crucified the Lord. No other painter has reproduced, on a single canvas, types so complete and individual as to embody all the complex characteristics of that strange people. Here are the elders, self-complacent, confident, disdainful; here the disputatious doctors; the sensuous Sadducees, the arrogant and jealous Pharisees, and, as the very embodiment of the majesty and pride of a people "chosen of God," stands the high-priest, one of the noblest figures ever painted.

And then the people, the passionate, ignorant, excitable people, with their curiously wayward and impulsive natures: one day bearing Jesus in triumph to the city, with palms and branches, as the maker of miracles and the speaker of Divine prophecies, and the next, with furious clamor and the rage of hate, demanding his death as their right. These, in all the extravagance of their importunate anger and unfeeling cruelty, Munkacsy has admirably portrayed. All the varying notes of passion are to be read in these wild gestures, sneering lips and scornful features. Even the accent of pity is not forgotten. Above the mocking, brutal crowd, a little removed, stands the figure of a young and beautiful woman, holding her babe in her arms, eyeing the Saviour with tender, mournful look, as if, in the Divine compassion of her great woman's heart, she would fain save Him who had raised the fallen Magdalens and had preferred Mary to Martha.

But the main centres of interest in the picture are, naturally, the two figures of Christ and Pilate—Christ as prisoner, awaiting his doom, and Pilate in the act of listening to the accusatious brought against him. Munkacsy, with fine dramatic instinct, has chosen the moment of conflict in Pilate's mind when, confronted with the undeniable proofs of Christ's guilt from the Jewish standpoint, he is yet unable to justify his own sense of justice in condemning him. This expression of mental conflict is finely rendered. But, it must be confessed, Pilate's face is one of the disappointments of the picture. It is the face of a Roman of the decadence, of the time of Nero and Caracalla, rather than that belonging to the first century of the empire, when the victories and heroic deeds of the republic kept the race still grandly noble. This Pilate is a cruel, licentious, tyrannical dictator, very different indeed from the man the Evangelists have painted for us—the man of subtle intelligence and real largeness of nature, whose "What is Truth" proved at least his belief in it, yet of such credulity he must needs listen to his wife's warning as she had related her dream, and who possessed so lively a conscience he could not bear the stain upon his hands

of an innocent man's blood, and when forced to condemn him, washes them publicly.

If Pilate's face does not agree with the generally received conception, the figure, attitude and drapery leave nothing to be desired. The attitude is singularly impressive, being remarkable for its simple dignity. And the drapery is sculptural. It has the breadth of fold the Greeks made use of when they wished to depict power.

It has been remarked by some critics that there is no indication in the surroundings or attire of Pilate suggestive of the magnificence and pomp of a great Roman functionary. But pomp may be shown in more ways than one. Simple drapery may be as stately in its way as jewels or cloth of gold; while the very absence of imposing soldiery attending Pilate is but a surer evidence of the existence and stability of his power. The Romans, like the English, ruled less by force and more by *prestige*. One single Roman soldier pressing back, with disdainful gesture, the encroachment of the crowd, is eloquently suggestive of the degradation, politically, to which the Jewish nation had fallen.

In his "Christ," Munkacsy has painted none of the types hitherto accepted as representative. His is neither the severe Byzantine, nor the mystic Renaissance, nor the sturdy Herculean Christ of Rembrandt's day. They who come to find the embodiment of the God-man in this conception will turn away in disappointment. There is neither nimbus, nor celestial aureole, nor concourse of hovering angels. In this pale, ardent, calm-faced man one seeks in vain for any sign or suggestion of Divinity, of the dual nature of Him who was at once God and man. This strange Jesus is all human—a man, indeed, of like sorrows as ourselves—but no Redeemer of the world, no Saviour sent to die that men might live. It is rather the face of a reformer, a thinker, a radical; a man possessed of a glorious conviction, thrilling with a sense of its importance, and sublimely scornful of an ignorant world that would defeat the purpose of his life. The glance with which he confronts Pilate is marvelous in its expression of these mingled emotions. He gazes at him bitterly but proudly, unflinchingly; for the loftiness of His spiritual nature carries Him to heights of heroism undreamed of by His doubting judge. In the eye—that wondrous, ardent, flame-lit eye—is also to be read the burning zeal of the fanatic, whose fanaticism carries Him into the desert to scourge the flesh, and whose enthusiasm aureoles martyrdom with glory. By this glance He proclaims His superiority over the intellectual *finesse* of Pilate. And He dominates the crowd of His brutal countrymen by His attitude of superb indifference.

It is because of the modernness of this conception that Munkacsy's "Christ" stands alone. For the first time in art the exegetical Christ of Renan and Strauss, the Christ of modern unbelievers and scientists is embodied in ideal form. Realism has found its painter.

Since the first exhibition of the picture Munkacsy has entirely repainted the head of his Christ. In the first modeling, the human character was even more strongly marked than in its present individualization; which reminds us that it was not in deference to criticism that the original head was altered. For this we have the painter's word. "I had always intended to repaint it," he said once, when we touched upon this delicate point. "There was a touch of—what I can only term *vulgarity* in the first that did not please me. But—*que voulez-vous?*—I was tired, overwrought, exhausted, and anxious to exhibit my work. So I sent it away with all its imperfections on its head, resolving to alter it later. The

present head has, I think, more nobility, though its general character is unchanged. Yes, it certainly is a man's head. Can we paint a God's? Yes, it is a realistic Christ! *Je ne veux plus d'auréole, moi.*" I could not help replying that he could hardly have found a fitting aureole for this Christ.

Perhaps, had Munkacsy repainted the entire figure, some of its defects would have been less noticeable. Anatomically, the drawing is far from satisfactory. It is difficult, for instance, to believe that actual bone and muscle are hidden by the rigid white drapery which envelops the figure. In attempting to invest his personage with repose, he has made the body of Christ inanimate. Even the drapery gives no hint of motion. And thus the figure, which, from the magnitude of its importance, should be the most impressive among the agitated and impassioned crowd of spectators and actors, becomes in reality the least so.

One of the main defects in the picture, as a composition, lies in the fact that the interest is not sufficiently concentrated. There are in reality two points of interest—Christ and Pilate. The eye wanders hesitatingly from one to the other, and cannot rest on either. This may be accounted for, to some extent, by the fact that the artist, with not altogether happy boldness, has draped both these figures in white, and in whites of equal values. Christ naturally should have been clothed in white, but had Pilate's robe been of any other color historically admissible, the eye would have been insensibly attracted to the proper centre of the composition.

Another most noticeable defect is the prominence given to the ruffianly-looking man, who, with uplifted arms, is giving utterance to the cry, "Crucify him!" The violent action expressed in those wide, outstretched arms and hands greatly mars the unity of the movement in the picture. The crowd is neither sufficiently excited or tumultuous to give an excuse for the introduction of such violence. There is nothing, either in the grouping, action or gesture of the multitude which serves as a *crescendo* to this loud climax. And Munkacsy has given us, by means of the wide-open mouth and the expanded chest of the man, the impression of a cry so deafening that it must have drowned both the high-priest's accusation and the clamor of the rabble. This figure is, on the whole, offensive; the more so as it destroys, in great measure, the harmony of the composition by its extravagance, loudness, and general obtrusiveness of action.

But criticise as we may its defects and shortcomings, the great picture stands unequalled among modern works of art. It is destined to take its place in the galleries of the future with such masterpieces as Paul Veronese's "Feast of Cana," and Rembrandt's "Ronde de Nuit." Like these, it will be taken as the typical reproduction of the age.

A great French painter, in commenting upon its remarkable qualities and its equally remarkable defects, assigned it its true value when he said: "But what would you have? In spite of all its faults, it is the picture of the country!"

ANNA BOWMAN BLAKE.

THE OLD WITCH IN THE CHIMNEY.

I LIVE in a little old-fashioned house,
Brown and wrinkled and crabbéd and low;
It's behind the age, you can easily see,
For the clocks are always slow;
The doors have each some trick of their own,—
There's a turn of the wrist you can learn, if you try,
But you ought to have lived in it all your life
To know it as well as I.

'Twas a moral squint in the builder's eye,—
The panes in the windows are far too small;
There are twists in the very floors; there are beams
In the ceiling and bumps in the wall;
There are queer little cupboards tucked away,
There are fireplaces big enough for ten,
And the old brick oven, so long disused,
Would bake for a dozen men.

You may laugh if you choose, but I give you my word
That doors will ope with no one near;
In the dead of night there are noises heard
That, to say the least, are queer;
They may lay it all to a flapping blind,
Or the creaking limb of a door-yard tree,
But I know there's a spell on all these things,
And it will not let them be.

In a wide half circle on winter nights
We draw our chairs to the glowing hearth,
When a weird long call from the chimney's mouth
Strikes cold across our mirth;
Mixed with sharp sleet and whistling wind,
With the wild white storm we dimly see,
In those winding alleys, steep and blind,
The old witch brews her tea.

'Tis the blackest draught that ever was brewed—
Black with bitter, strange herbs in the pot;
And it's stronger and stronger the longer it's stood,
All seething and bubbling and hot;
The old crone smokes her old clay pipe,
And upward and outward curl the rings;
She steeps her tea, and she nods her head,
And the kettle sings and sings.

The snow purrs soft at the window-pane,
And the cat purrs close to my ear;
I have curled myself up on the rug a while
The purring flames to hear;
I heard the old witch crooning a song—
A song with a charm to keep;
It waked up things that had slept too long,
And it sent me fast asleep!

ELAINE GOODALE.



By ALBION W. TOURGÉE,

Author of "A Fool's Errand," etc.

CHAPTER XL.

CLEANSED FROM BLOOD-GUILTINESS.

"DEAD? Impossible!" was the exclamation of Miss Hunniwell, after a hurried explanation by the marshal. "Who could have killed him?"

"We have felt bound to hold this young man, who was found with the body," said the marshal almost apologetically.

The lady glanced keenly at Martin and asked, with that mixture of command and interrogation which the successful teacher is sure to acquire:

"Who found him with it?"

"Well, I and my deputy—that is, he gave the alarm and we ran to the place and found him supporting this man's head."

"And you—where were you when he called?"

"We were just entering the grounds."

"Just entering these grounds! Why, how long ago did this happen?"

"Only a short time—perhaps twenty minutes."

"And pray, sir, what were you doing on my premises at this hour of the night?"

"I am the United States Marshal for this district," said the official, somewhat pompously.

"Well?" ejaculated the unrelenting inquisitor, as she looked down upon him from the steps.

The moonlight showed a flush upon his cheek as he answered:

"I have a warrant for the arrest of a certain fugitive slave, and was directed by the claimant to meet him here upon the arrival of the train."

"And this young man—who is he?"

"I am Martin Kortright, ma'am," said he, answering for himself, and removing his hat as he did so.

"Ah! I am very glad to meet you," she said, stepping forward and giving him her hand. "You came upon the train in answer to my telegram?"

"Yes, ma'am," he replied.

"And you came out here—why?"

"I was somewhat alarmed by your dispatch, and thought I would come and look at the place without waiting for morning."

"I see; and in so doing you fell among thieves," said the lady severely. "I do not understand what has taken place in my absence," she continued, "but whether this man be dead or alive, this is not a fit place for him to remain. Bring him in."

She had rung the bell on her arrival, and a teacher with a pallid face that told of the terrors that had af-

flicted the gentle flock at Beechwood during the absence of the mistress, now answered her summons. Miss Hunniwell took the candle from her trembling hand, and, standing beside the open door, motioned to the men to enter. As they ascended the steps she directed her coachman to drive at once for a physician and an officer of the law.

The latter portion of her message was altogether needless. The anger of the good minister had grown into a flame when he learned the gravity of Amy's hurt. How the mistake should have arisen, or whether it was a mistake, he could not tell. The more he thought upon it the stronger grew his suspicion that Hilda was yet in danger. He lost no time, therefore, in letting certain of his neighbors, including the officers of the law in the village, know that a crime had been committed. The fear which he had entertained for a time as to the result of his own action had passed away, and he now only felt a renewed anxiety for the safety of Hilda and the capture of her abductors. The atmosphere of the little village was already charged with explosive material. The presence of the slave-hunters and something of the nature of their errand was well known in the town, and in many a household the evening prayer that night had contained an especially earnest petition for "them that are in bonds." The whole village seemed to rest in anticipation of exciting events. Men and women were awake and eager to know what had happened. Almost before he knew it the good minister found himself returning to the scene of the night's adventure with a band of resolute men, whose action was all the more significant because there were no threats or boasts to be heard among them. The constable had a pistol, or was supposed to have one, but except for walking-sticks and extemporized clubs wrenched from picket-fences or cut with the ever-ready pocket-knife from the overhanging elms that lined the streets, very few of them were armed. As they approached the place where the road leading to the seminary turned off to the left the sound of a vehicle rapidly driven over the frozen ground reached their ears. Then the hoof-strokes of a double team were heard upon the bridge. Some boys who had pushed on ahead of the main company gave the alarm.

"That's them!" "It's Bissett's grays!" "The kidnappers!" and other like cries were heard as the boys leaped the fences and sought shelter from attack. Instinctively the men formed a line across the road, and as the wagon rolled out of the darkness of the

covered bridge into the moonlight, Marsden, who was the sole occupant of the carriage, could distinctly see their earnest faces and the hurried preparations that were being made to obstruct his course. For an instant he half-checked the horses in their sweeping trot. Then he saw that it was too late. There was no room to turn. He might burst through. At all events it was his only chance. The obstruction was forty yards away, and once past that barrier it was only twenty miles to the state line. Behind him was—he knew not what of danger. He drew the reins tighter, and gave the lash to the sprightly greys. As he neared the line the men wavered. It was no light matter to stand in the way of the infuriated team. Marsden rose up, lashed the horses, and gave a shrill yell of defiance. Just before he reached the corner a new barrier suddenly arose across his way. Two men had lifted a white picket gate from its hinges, and now held it suspended between them above the roadway. Seeing their purpose, a dozen sprang to their aid. It was impassable, reaching high above the horses' heads, and shifting to this side and that as their course seemed to vary. The only chance was to try and break it down. He headed the horses square against it. The pole burst through the narrow palings. The men who held it were thrown down, but the frame of the gate was against the horses' legs. Their feet were caught between the slats. They stumbled and fell. A dozen hands seized the wheels before they had ceased to revolve. Marsden, thrown forward and half-stunned, was a prisoner before he had time to draw a weapon, and was marched off, with his hands tied, to the town-hall under charge of a trusty guard.

His attempt at escape had failed. After climbing the hill-side a short distance, he had realized the futility of trying to escape in that manner, and stealing back to the road, had sought to use the method which had been decided upon in case of success, without waiting to ascertain any more definitely the fate of his companions.

After this the company, now much diminished in numbers, moved on. Meeting the coachman from the semi-

nary, the minister asked him a few hurried questions, to which the man gave most confusing replies. All that he could gather from him was that some one was dead, or at least badly injured, at the seminary, and he had been sent for the doctor. Directing him where the physician might be found, they proceeded. Before they reached the grounds the carriage passed them on its return. Then they halted for consultation, and it was determined that the better way would be to quietly surround the building, after which the constable and a few others should go forward to reconnoitre. Nothing could be done, that worthy said, until a warrant was issued. This the justice would fill out upon the minister's information as soon as he could procure the names of the kidnappers from the register at the hotel. All they could do in the meantime was merely to prevent the escape of the offenders. So the mob waited in patient silence for the ponderous wheels of the law to move round.

While these things were occurring in the village an equally strange scene had been enacted in the seminary. Following the direction of Miss Hunniwell the men bore their unconscious burden along the hall and into one of the reception-rooms, leaving a row of crimson drops from the door to the side of a low settle on which she directed that he should be placed. Wondering eyes and pallid faces peered over the banisters above at this strange procession. Water was brought and a sponge; and Miss Hunniwell, tucking back her lace-edged sleeves, took the basin and washed the blood from the coarse pale face. As she did so she noted a soft, uncertain breath. The marshal found a dim pulsation at the wrist also. The left temple was crushed and torn. Out of the severed fibres came a slender, fitful stream of red. Martin pressed his finger hard upon a point just in front of and above the ear and it ceased. Then they poured a little brandy down his throat. His respiration became more regular and decided. Then the surgeon came—a gruff, fearless man, with the freedom of speech and positiveness of manner that the old country practitioner gets. He examined the wounded man



THE RUNAWAY.

The neighbors assisted the father to the house. He would not yield his son to any other arm.

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carefully; tried the skull, to find any fracture or depression; caught up the severed artery and dressed the wound.

"He'll get along," said he grimly, when his examination was completed. "A concussion of the brain with a considerable loss of blood. That's what saved him probably, though it has left him weak. It was a close call—would have killed most men; but these cattle never die when they ought to."

"Can he be removed?" inquired Eighmie anxiously.

"When, to-night?" asked the physician, looking keenly at his interrogator.

"Yes."

"No indeed!"

"When do you think?"

"Well, I should say fully as soon as his employer will be likely to have any use for him."

"I don't understand you, sir."

"You probably will before you are through with to-night's business."

"I am ready to answer for all my acts, sir," said Eighmie somewhat defiantly.

"Oh yes!" sneered the doctor, "we've heard of your Southern bravado before, but you'll need something more 'n that this time, or I'm mistaken."

"Come, come, gentlemen," said the marshal, "this is no place to discuss these things. What we want to know and what Miss Hunniwell wants to know is, what we had better do with this man."

"If you ask my opinion as a man," said the doctor savagely, "I would say pitch the carrion out-doors and cheat the gallows by letting him die, before he has a chance to be hanged."

"That is the humanity of which the Yankee is forever prating," said Eighmie sneeringly.

"A fair match for the chivalry of which you boast," hissed the doctor in reply. "If I ain't mistaken you're the man that came here to drag a young girl into slavery after killing her father."

"The man who claimed to be her father was killed."

"Yes, shot in the back without being allowed to surrender."

"But that was in the heat of passion, sir. All our good people regret it now."

"And do you suppose that we have no heat of passion? Damn it, sir!" cried the doctor, white with wrath and striding toward Eighmie, "I'd be very glad to help hang the whole of your hellish crowd to a tree without judge or jury."

"See here, doctor!" said the marshal, stepping between them; "what is the matter? I never saw you in such a mood as this before. I thought you were a moderate, reasonable man."

"Don't talk to me of reason. Everybody knows I've never been an Abolitionist or anything of the kind, but I've seen that to-night that makes me actually blood-thirsty. I'm a law-abiding man, but, as certain as God lives, if the girl dies, I'm ready to make one of a crowd to hang every scoundrel that had a hand in this business higher than Haman."

"Doctor, you are raving," said the marshal, pushing him back.

"Oh, I am, am I?" said the doctor. "Well, let me tell you, sir, I mean every word of it, and I don't draw any distinction between a Southern slave-hunter and a Northern nigger-catcher, either."

"If you mean me, sir," said the marshal angrily, "I came here to perform a sworn duty. I am just as much bound to execute the law as you are to obey it. I have no more interest in this matter than you."

"Except double fees in case of conviction," sneered the doctor.

"I didn't make the law," said the other doggedly.

"No, you only volunteered to do the dirty work that was cut out for you."

"What do you mean by murder, doctor?" asked Miss Hunniwell, laying her hand upon his arm, and looking into his face with anxious solicitude.

"Where have you been to-night, madam?" inquired the doctor, turning sharply upon her.

She stammered, and her face flushed. She was not used to prevarication, and yet she dare not reveal the truth.

"I—I—have—been out with a friend—I have just returned."

"Oh, I see!" he said incredulously. "So you don't know what these gentlemen have been about here at Beechwood in your absence?"

"I can only imagine that it must be something very terrible."

"Terrible? Yes, I should think so. Well, I don't know all about it myself, but I do know that these nigger-hunting gentry have made it just about an even chance whether one of your girls lives to see the sun rise or not."

"Is it Hilda—Hilda Hargrove?" asked Martin, impetuously grasping the doctor's arm as he spoke.

"No, it wasn't Hilda—'twas the other one—the little black-eyed creature that was always with her."

"Amy?" asked the teacher.

"Yes, that's her name."

"But Hilda—where is Hilda then?" persisted Martin, keeping his hold upon the doctor's arm.

"That I can't tell you, young man, if you shake me all night. Perhaps this gentleman can give you some information," jerking his thumb toward Eighmie as he spoke. "Whether they made a mistake, or thought it just as cheap to kidnap two girls as one, I don't know, but I guess they'll have a chance to explain before they've done with it."

Martin turned toward Eighmie, but as he was about to speak he felt the teacher's hand upon his arm.

"Do not be troubled," she whispered hastily; "Hilda is safe."

While this was passing footsteps were heard advancing along the hall. The constable entered, and said:

"I have a warrant for Sherwood Eighmie."

"That is my name," said Eighmie, stepping forward.

"Also," said the constable, "for James S. Barnes."

Eighmie pointed to the wounded man.

"Not able to be moved?" asked the constable of the doctor.

"Not under a week—more likely a fortnight," said the physician.

"Well, come on, then," to Eighmie.

"Wait a moment," said the other. Then, turning to the doctor, he produced a roll of bills, and said earnestly: "Doctor, I don't know how this thing is going to end, but I want you to see that this man is taken care of. He was injured in my service, and I must not desert him."

"Oh, I will see that he is cared for," said the doctor, though he isn't worth it. Give the money to Miss Hunniwell, sir. She will need to get nurses and delicacies. Never mind me. I wouldn't work a bit better for all the money in your purse. After it's all over I'll put in my bill. But you may rest assured that I will do my very best for the poor devil professionally, though, personally, I honestly think no man ever needed hanging worse than he."



THE CHRISTENING OF "AMITY LAKE."

The Colonel steadied his little hand as it poured a wineglassful of water on the soil.

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"What he did," said Eighmie, "was at my instigation. I won't shirk any responsibility, whatever the result."

"Well, I will say that is a manly thing," said the doctor heartily, "and I do hope that we have seen the worst side of this night's work."

"Thank you," said Eighmie simply. "I would like to ask a favor of you if I might."

"Anything I can honestly do in your behalf you may rely upon my doing. Professionally, you need have no fear that I will not do my best for the patient."

"It is not that," said Eighmie hesitantly, "but would you mind—the young lady—I don't suppose you know how I feel about it. Of course, I am sorry for the hurt she has received, but I would rather die—I would even rather she would die—than have it thought—than have her think—that I would kidnap a free white girl in order to make her a slave."

"Yet you intended to abduct one as white as she."

"Yes, a slave."

"No," said the doctor, shaking his head solemnly; "I can't understand it. To my mind the evil that is done, even if the worst result, is less than the evil you intended. Nevertheless, I will tell Miss Amy how much you regret the mistake, though I doubt if she will understand your feeling any better than I do."

"Perhaps not," responded Eighmie; "yet I should be glad to have her know I did not intend her any harm."

Then they went away, leaving only the doctor, Martin, the mistress of Beechwood and the still unconscious man upon the settle.

It was necessary that the doctor should return, as Amy needed close attention. He had just begun to give directions for the care of Barnes to Martin, who consented to watch with him that night, when the minister entered and declared his intention of caring for the sick man, avowing his own responsibility for his condition. After this explanation, Miss Hunniwell gave Martin Hilda's letter, and he returned to the village only to learn that the shadow which had seemed to lift from

his pathway so unexpectedly had only closed about it more darkly than before.

For the teacher this eventful night had still another surprise. As she left the reception-room to go to the chamber a dark form stepped out of the shadow of the stairway and addressed her in tones of respectful entreaty:

"Please, ma'am, will you tell me where our Miss Hilda is, and if she's got safe away?"

"Who are you?" asked the startled lady, in a low, cautious tone.

"I'm Marse Hargrove's ole servant, ma'am. Jason they call me—sometimes Jason Unthank—'kase my ole marster's name was Unthank, you know."

"I have heard Hilda speak of you frequently, Jason."

"Of course yer has, honey. Why I brought her up, mostly—Marse Merwyn an' me—atter the young missus died."

"You knew Hilda when she was a child, Jason?" said the teacher, with a new interest in her tones.

"Knew her! Lor' bress yer, yis. Wasn't I down there in the Indies when she was born? I 'spect I seed her 'fore she was a day ole, an' hain't hardly hed my eyes offen her sence dat time—only when I 'se been off on a v'y'ge with Marse Captain, or something of that sort, yer know."

"Oh, Jason, if we had only known this before, all this trouble and bloodshed might have been avoided."

"Please, ma'am, what 's it all about? What 's Marse Eighmie an' his crowd a-pesterin' Miss Hilda 'bout, anyhow?"

"They claim she is a slave."

"Who says dat? It 's a lie! My Miss Hilda a nigger! Bress her heart, dat she ain't. Jes' let me know who says dat, ma'am, an' ole Jason 'll settle wid him for it. Dam rascals! I couldn't understan' what 'twas all about, but I seed she war in a heap of trouble. So I waited roun', an' when dey tried to carry her off, yer know, I was jis' a gwine ter lay Marse Eighmie out wid a rock when in rushed dat other feller, grabbed Miss Hilda 'way from 'em an' run. Den I was all struck in

a heap, an' hardly knowed which one ter lite on; but I knowed that Marse Eighmie an' his crowd didn't mean her no good, an' 'lowed dat 'tother man couldn't be any wuss. Besides, I heard him callin' to her ez ef he wuz friends with her. So I didn't stop to ax no questions, an' when one of Marse Eighmie's men begun shootin' at him I jes' turned in on him myself. That 's the reason yer had to send fer the doctor fer him, I 'spect," he concluded coolly, with a sly nod toward the room where Barnes was lying.

"Hush, Jason, you must not speak so loud," said Miss Hunniwell, herself hardly able to control her conflicting emotions. "Come in here; I must talk with you."

"Yes, ma'am," said Jason as he followed her with the peculiar noiseless tread of the well-trained body-servant, which, without being stealthy, seems always to come and go without any appeal to our consciousness. She opened the door of the little library or office that adjoined her own room. A fire was smouldering upon the hearth, which Jason deftly coaxed into a cheerful blaze. The mistress of Beechwood plied the old servant with questions until fully convinced that he was able to relieve Hilda not only of the fear of enslavement but of the still greater horror of a corrupted lineage. It was with no little difficulty, however, that she restrained his impatience to learn the whereabouts of Hilda:

"You see, ma'am, I'se got ter find her. Marse Captain jes dat las' minute 'fore I jumped abo'd de sloop, when he jes made me put him down an' leave him 'kase 'tweren't possible for both on us ter git off—though I'd a heap rather staid an' died with him thar, I would, ma'am, an' no mistake—that very minute Marse Hargrove tuk out ob his bosom dis yer package I'se got here,"—striking his breast pocket as he spoke—"an' he says to me, 'Jason, don't you miss givin' dat into Miss Hilda's own han's yourself. It's my last words, my will an' testment, Jason; my last blessing to my darling, Jason, which she must have or she won't be happy no more as long as she lives.' An' I swar to him right thar, ma'am, jes' a minute afore I seed him shot dead, dat I wouldn't let no man's nor woman's han' tech dat ar letter till I give it into Miss Hilda's own dear han's; an' I won't nuther. So yer see I'se got ter see Miss Hilda, an' right away too."

The man's excitement had made him forget the better language of his later years and brought the dialect of his youth to his tongue.

"Why didn't you come and give it to her 'before'?" asked the woman tearfully.

"I was afeared to, ma'am. You know this trouble I was in with Marse Merwyn, an' I was afraid de law might take hold on me, yer know. Some of de papers do say we'd all be took back dar to be tried yet—which jes' means hangin' straight out in sech a case yer know. Then thar was Marse Eighmie. I seed him a-hangin' round here, an' I 'lowed he was atter me, never once dreamin' he was tryin' to git my pore Miss Hilda to make a nigger on her. Ef I'd only knowed that, ther' wouldn't been no trouble 'bout him an' his crowd now. Jason would hev settled with the las' one of 'em a heap better 'n he did with dat mean white critter in yon, too."

"Jason, Mr. Amory thinks he is the one that injured that man? He feels very badly about it," said Miss Hunniwell.

"Mr. Amory—that 's the man that thought he was helping Miss Hilda. I remember hearing him speak his name now. He 's a perfect gentleman, that man is; but, pshaw! that rock he threw wouldn't a-stopped that

low-down cuss a quarter of a minute ef Jason hadn't a tuk a hand in 'bout dat time."

"But you ought to let him know, so that he will not feel so badly. He 's nursing him now, because he thinks it his duty to help restore the man he has injured."

"Certain, ma'am, certain. I'll do that, and I'd be glad to do the nussin', too, after I've seen Miss Hilda, you know. I hain't a doubt I'd do it a heap better than Mr. Amory. I seed him when he come in, an' he don't look like he was cut out for a nuss, nohow."

"But I don't know where Hilda is," said Miss Hunniwell.

"You don't know? Didn't this man, Mr. Amory, take her away in his buggy?"

"No, that was another young lady they got by mistake."

"Then whar has my young mistis gone?"

"I took her away in my carriage just before dark,"

"An' yet don't know where she is?" suspiciously.

"Just so, Jason. I took her to the depot, and saw her take the train?"

"Where was she goin'?" asked Jason, picking up his hat, that was lying at his feet, as if about to start in pursuit.

"I don't know," was the answer.

"Don't know? Didn't she tell yer whar she was goin'?" asked the man almost angrily.

"She not only did not tell me, Jason, but she positively refused to do so."

"Den I mus' find her," said Jason, with a long-drawn sigh. "I promised Marse Merwyn, an' I'll do it ef I don't nebber hev ary other day's rest while I live."

"But, Jason," began Miss Hunniwell.

"Don't talk ter me; don't talk," said Jason shaking his hand toward her and turning away his head. "I'll jes' keep a-trampin' day an' night till I find dat ar gal—dat Miss Hilda. Dat I will, an' dar ain't no use in talkin' 'bout it. I'm much obleeged to ye, ma'am, but I might jes' ez well be gittin' 'long. Dar ain't no sense in waitin' heah."

He started toward the door as he spoke.

"But where will you go, Jason?"

"Oh, it don't matter—anywhar. P'r'aps de Lord will kinder show me de way for de pore chile's sake. I don't take much stock in de Lord myself, kase it 'pears to me He's mighty onreliable. Take Him up one side an' down de other, an' I can't see ez it makes more 'n about a good average—fair to middlin' ez they say about cottin'."

"Jason," said the teacher sternly, "you must not speak in that manner."

"Can't help it, ma'am; I 'pintedly can't. What the Lord let that low-down, poor, way-off Eighmie crowd kill Marse Hargrove for?"

"I cannot tell, Jason; but you know He had some good purpose in it, and He will guide you in your search for Hilda if you will only follow where He leads."

"It may be, ma'am, but I don't see ez He 's a-doin' any leadin' now, nor anything else, only mixin' matters up so that it looks as ef they 'd never git straight agin'."

"That is because you will not wait and trust Him, Jason. You want everything done in your own way."

"I wants dat little gal got outen her trouble. Dat 's what I want, ma'am; an' I wants it done right away, too."

"That is all right for you to wish, Jason; but you must follow God and not try to lead Him. Just think, now. The whole world is before you. You don't know whether Hilda has gone east or west or north or south."

"I reckon *you* knows which way the train was goin' that she got on, don't yer?"

"I don't even know that, Jason. I was so fearful for her, and so flustered by the danger she was in, that I could do nothing but watch and see that she was safe upon the train, and then close my eyes in grateful prayer. There were two trains at the station. When I looked again both were going out. Which Hilda was on I don't know."

"She's done gone back to Sturmhold, dat's whar she's gone," said Jason, after a moment's pause.

"That's where she has not gone," said the teacher. "You forget that she was hiding—hiding away from Mr. Eighthie, and hiding away from Martin Kortright."

"What's she hidin' from young Marse Martin for?"

"Because she was afraid that—that what they said about her father might be true."

"I see," said Jason, "I see. She was afraid there might be jes' one little drop of colored blood in her veins, an' she'd rather die than see Marse Martin agin ef ther was. I don't blame her nuther—I don't blame her. It's the cuss of Cain, shore, an' it's no wonder that blessed chile should feel like hidin' away when she thought she hed it jes' like ole Cain hisself when he hear de Lord a callin' atter him. Yis, you're right. She's hid jes' ez safe ez a young partridge. Marse Martin'll try powerful hard, but he won't find her—never! Miss Hilda's too peart for dat. She's her pappy all over, Miss Hilda is, only she looks powerful like her ma, pore dear. He won't never find her ez long ez she keeps on hidin'; no mo' will Jason nuther. Ther ain't no give up in that gal more'n ther was in her pa—not a bit. When she's once sot her head on anything she'll stan' to it till the very last. We won't never find her, none of us, ma'am, unless the Lord *does* take hold an' show us whar she's hid. Pore gal! pore gal!"

The faithful servant sank down upon the floor, thoroughly crushed with disappointment. Miss Hunniwell arose, and, putting her hand upon his shoulder, said:

"There, there, Jason. Don't be cast down. There is a chance, a hope, which we must not lose sight of. She has promised to write to me."

"Yer don't say," said Jason, raising his head. "When?"

"At least within a year. Sooner, if she is in trouble or need of any kind."

"An' will yer let ole Jason know where de pore chile is?"

"Just as soon as I hear."

"Bless God, ma'am, I'll stay right here an' wait. Don't ye want ter hire a boy, ma'am?" said he, with a quick rebound from grief to joy, peculiar to his mercurial race, as he sprang to his feet and bowed laughingly before her, like a slave-boy seeking a home at the Christmas time. Though past middle life Jason retained the activity of youth and like all his race defied the closest observer to determine his age.

"Yes, I do," said Miss Hunniwell, entering into the humor of his request, and catching at once at this means of serving Hilda most effectually. "I want some one to nurse this wounded man, and after that to help about the stable and the house."

"Anywhar, ma'am, anywhar. There's mighty few things Jason can't do, and it'll need a power of work to keep him contented till he hears from Miss Hilda. But there's one thing I'd like ter know, ma'am."

"What is that, Jason?"

"Ef that warn't our Miss Hilda they were tryin' ter git away with, who was it?"

"It was a young lady that occupied the room next to hers," said the teacher, "Miss Amy Hargrove."

"Yer don't say?" exclaimed Jason in astonishment.

"Yes, and the man in yonder shot her, so that there is great danger that she may die."

"Yer don't say?" repeated Jason in open-mouthed amazement. "Yer don't say? An' it warn't our Hilda at all but that other one that was run off with an' hurt. An' yer say she's like ter die, ma'am?"

"So the doctor fears."

"Wal now, ma'am, p'raps I might as well take back what I said about de Lo'd a while ago. 'Pears like He must ha' knowed what He war about atter all," said Jason with a peculiar solemnity of tone and manner.

Gilbert Amory walking back to his snug home in the gray morning, with the sense of blood-guiltiness lifted from his soul, uttered the same sentiment in more refined language.

CHAPTER XL.

THE PROOF THAT HEALETH DOUBT.

JARED CLARKSON was greatly disturbed by the dispatch from Miss Hunniwell—"Come at once for Miss Hargrove's sake." Accustomed as he was to accept responsibility, he had somehow shrunk in an unaccountable manner from the trust imposed on him by Merwyn Hargrove. The sight of the sealed parcel lying in his safe had more than once filled him with apprehension. Every time that he had been required to act under the instructions Hargrove had given him he had done so with peculiar reluctance. It was as if he had a premonition of evil connected with them. More than once he had determined to shift this burden upon Kortright, and but for the invalid's condition would no doubt have done so before this time. Even as it was, he hesitated to comply with the teacher's urgent request, and instead of taking the train at once drove over to Sturmhold for consultation with Kortright, taking with him the sealed package and Hargrove's letter in regard to it.

The two men talked long and anxiously of the events which had occurred, and speculated not a little as to what the trouble that threatened Hilda might be.

"I am sure I cannot imagine," said Clarkson, "nor why they should have sent for me. That they should telegraph for Martin is very natural."

"I suppose to seek your advice because you were her father's friend, and are, in a sense, his representative now," answered Kortright.

"I have thought of that," said Clarkson, "but it seems improbable that her father would have intrusted her with the peculiar character of our relations."

"Well," said Kortright, with decision, "Hilda evidently needs your aid, and you must go, and go at once, too."

"Then, if that is settled," said Clarkson, "I think it best that this parcel should be opened, and I do not wish that to be done except in the presence of another trustworthy friend of the deceased besides myself."

He took the package from his pocket as he spoke. It was indorsed in the handwriting of Hargrove:

"This package will be opened by the person to whom it may be intrusted only when such person shall, in the exercise of a sound and honest discretion, believe that the time has come when it is absolutely necessary for him to know the exact truth in regard to the children of the late George Eighthie and Alida, his wife. If no such occasion arises previous to the marriage of Hilda, or before she at-

tains the age of twenty-one years, it is my desire that this parcel be placed in her hands with its seals yet unbroken.

Signed, MERWYN HARGROVE."

It was sealed with his monogram and the bristling boar's head crest which the old buccaneer had adopted as a boastful emblem of lowly origin and dangerous strength. Clarkson handed the parcel to Kortright, who read the superscription carefully, and remarked doubtfully as he returned it:

"You are sure the time has come?"

"I am very sure," answered Clarkson. "I cannot act intelligently in any matter touching Hilda without the knowledge this envelope contains."

"Perhaps not," said Kortright, "though I don't exactly see why. It doesn't impress me that her present trouble is in any way connected with the Eighmie children."

"Oh, it must be, directly or indirectly, else I should never have been summoned," said Clarkson.

"I cannot understand why you think so," Kortright replied.

"Well, let me show you," said Clarkson, settling himself for one of his favorite monologues. "You know that there were two of these children—the Eighmie children I mean. One of these Captain Hargrove, in conformity with the desire of his half-brother, deprived of her identity, hid, 'transformed' he calls it in his letter. The other he tells us he could not trace. The latter I have found. I am now, as I fully believe, able to lay my hands on the son of George and Alida Eighmie. He having been born before the emancipation of his mother and the second marriage of his parents in this state, even though formally legitimized by the father under our laws, it is somewhat doubtful what his legal *status* might be adjudged to be. This being the case, I have already taken steps to extinguish the title of the man who recently claimed him as a slave by taking a bill of sale to myself. You see," he added, smiling at his own conceit, "I am getting aristocratic. I come of a slave-holding stock and am now a slave-owner myself. It is no wonder that Southern gentlemen are partial to one having so much in common with them, despite my fearful reputation as an Abolitionist, is it?"

Kortright's only reply was a smile, and Clarkson went on:

"The proof that the young man to whom I refer is the veritable Hugh Eighmie for whom Captain Hargrove sought so long and unsuccessfully, is almost perfect. I had hoped to present him to Hargrove on his return, when, no doubt, he could very soon have made the chain complete. Before the opportunity came, however, he was stricken down in the performance of his duty. Ever since that event I have been in great trouble as to what I ought to do in reference to this young man. He and his sister are unquestionably the true heirs of George Eighmie, unless illegitimate. I am the more troubled because of the fact that I was enabled to identify Hugh by his mother's instant recognition of her son when she had but a passing glimpse of his features, and that, too, by a very imperfect light."

"Indeed, you surprise me!" said Kortright.

"Yes," said Clarkson, "we have been accustomed to regard Alida as a poor, feeble creature, whose wits are not to be relied on, ever since you brought her to my house in the big snow-storm—let me see, now just about ten years ago, isn't it?"

"Ten years and a few days," said Kortright, solemnly shaking his head. "Ah, Mr. Clarkson, there have been great changes in that time."

"Yes, indeed," returned the other, "wonderful changes. It is hardly possible that another decade can bring the like."

There was a moment's silence, full of thoughtful retrospect to these men to whom the sunset of life was drawing near. They were not old men, but the era which they spoke had taxed their lives with burdens and activities no other past had ever known. After a time Clarkson continued:

"Well, as I was saying, we have never looked upon Alida as altogether right in her mind since that time."

Kortright nodded, but made no other response.

"Hargrove himself thought her thoroughly demented even before, and attributed her insanity solely to grief at the loss of her children; but it was not until the recognition of her son in the person of a hunted fugitive, that she came to her present hopeless condition. Since that occasion I suppose she has manifested no evidence of sanity, or even of active intellection, at all."

Kortright glanced uneasily at the door, and said:

"I don't know about that. Would you mind turning the key in the door, Clarkson? I have something to tell you that I would not have Mrs. Kortright know for a good deal."

Clarkson opened his eyes with surprise, but did as he was requested. When he returned Kortright motioned to him to sit down in the invalid chair by the side of the couch so that he could lay his hand upon his knee, and said:

"Do you know, I cannot understand that woman—Alida? She has evidently always been given to hallucinations. No proof could ever satisfy her, for a great while at a time, that Hargrove, who literally sacrificed his whole life to carry out her husband's fancies, was really her friend."

"That," said Clarkson, sententiously, "was because he had no real sympathy with her or her race—at least with the race the taint of whose blood has blighted her life. Besides that, he never reposed any confidence in her."

"Whatever the cause, that was the fact, but it could not be for any such reason that she took an incurable dislike to us."

"Has she done so?"

"Yes, indeed. You see I am such a victim to this rheumatism now, that day and night have lost their normal relations so far as I am concerned. I wake by night and sleep by day, or *vice versa*, as the case may be. Sometimes I am awake for two or three days and nights in succession, and then perhaps I sleep almost as long. For this reason, I stay here in the library all the time. It's the only part of this great house that ever seemed home-like to me anyhow. I lie upon my couch here, or crawl into my chair, and think or read, sleep or wake, without disturbing any one. Martha occupies the bedroom adjoining, but she is a sound sleeper, and hears nothing unless I call her name. Well, it wasn't long after we came here that I found that this woman, Alida, was a very different creature at night from what she seems to be or is in the daytime. I was lying here on my couch one night when she came in, went straight to that desk there—the one the Captain used, you know—raised the lid, and appeared to be hunting around for something which she could not find. Then she went to the shelves there, took down one or two books, and seemed to be searching through them for something that she expected to find between the leaves. Failing in this, she came here to the grate, warmed her feet one after the other, in the meantime knitting her brows, and seeming to be in great distress, as if unable

to recall something she had once known. She paid no attention to me, not appearing to be aware of my presence. Of course I was very much surprised at this manifestation, and fully intended to have spoken of it the next day, but something drove it from my mind, and her visits soon came to be so frequent that I became interested in them, and even looked forward to the night, when my ailment was very painful, with a sort of enjoyment. It was not always the same, this novel entertainment, and I soon found great relief in trying to decipher the causes of her varying moods. By careful watching I came to understand much that she does, or, at least, to form a good idea of what it means to her. She rarely speaks, but now and then uses an exclamation that aids me in arriving at a conclusion with regard to her thoughts.

"It is very strange," said Clarkson. "She is evidently a somnambulist."

"No doubt," assented Kortright, "but do you not see this strange thing beside—the waking woman is weak and silly, almost dead to what is going on about her; but the sleeping woman is active, alert and evidently alive to circumstances, sentiments, antipathies and preferences which are of the past or which she fits into a past which is the present to her. She is not always unconscious of surrounding objects, but always mistakes them, when she does notice them, for something connected with the train of thought she seems pursuing."

"It is very remarkable," said Clarkson.

"The scene with the desk and books is the one most frequently enacted. I have been through the desk again and again, and turned over every book upon the shelf to which she always goes. A queer thing about it is that if I disarrange the papers at the left of the desk she seems at once worried and disturbed, and will not leave it until she has placed the packages back just as they were. Those at the right hand she seems to pay no attention to at all. It is queer, too, that one volume of the set of books she always examines is missing. One time I had them changed and other books put in their places. She was greatly excited thereby; pulled the books out, threw them on the floor, and finally seemed to half awake, or rather to assume her ordinary waking condition. There is this strange thing about her condition, she is most awake when she is soundest asleep. She sees, hears, thinks; but she sees and hears and thinks only with reference to a state of facts that exists in her memory or imagination. The silly, furtive leer she has in the daytime came into her eyes; she looked cautiously at me, and finally stole out on tiptoe, turning every now and then to glare back at me. It seemed to distress her so that I had the books restored the next day."

"You amaze me," said Clarkson. "Do you think it safe that she should wander about unguarded in this manner during the night?"

"Candidly," said Kortright, with an amused smile, "I do not, but what would become of my entertainment if she were confined? I assure you it is of great advantage to me. I always forget my pain while she is here, and usually fall asleep afterward trying to unravel the charades she has acted."

"Have you ever succeeded?" asked Clarkson curiously.

"Oh, yes, indeed; and I have learned some very strange things thereby," answered Kortright. "It was by that means that I discovered her antipathy to my family, especially toward Martin. When I am very bad, sometimes, one of the family will insist upon watching with me, as they say, which usually results in their

going to sleep and my watching them. As I am on this side the fireplace," he continued, "they naturally sit on the other, which brings them directly in her path when she comes to lean upon the mantel to warm her feet at the fire and recall what she has forgotten. Martin was the first one she found there one night when he was comfortably sleeping on his watch. When she had peered around the back of my invalid chair in which he sat, in the half-awake manner that any interruption of her wonted routine produces, and seemed to recognize who it was, she became so terribly excited that I really feared she would attack him. However, she left the room without awaking him, and that night, for the first time, returned again. It was perhaps an hour afterward. I had awakened Martin and sent him to bed, on the false pretense that I was more comfortable. When she re-entered the room the impression of his presence was evidently still fresh in her mind. She shook her fist at the empty chair, gnashed her teeth, and then suddenly burst into a laugh. I was afraid she would wake Martha, but fortunately she did not. Then she went through a pantomime that I could not understand, and which yet seemed to have a regular order, and to be connected in her thought with Martin, for at the end she ran quickly to the door, stopped and listened as if fearing pursuit, shook her hand at the chair again, and stealthily disappeared."

"This is really astounding," exclaimed the listener.

"Wait a moment," said Kortright. "The next night, as it happened, Martha had insisted on sitting up with me, and was asleep in that same chair. Alida discovered the intrusion as before. After a while she seemed to recognize my wife's identity, and for a time a look of hesitation, almost tenderness, passed over her face as she stood in the firelight gazing into the placid face of my watcher. Finally she exhibited toward her the same evidences of aversion, however, she had shown toward Martin the night before. As she went out, I made haste to awaken wife and get her to bed, so that I might have a good opportunity to watch Alida's conduct should she return. She did return, and went through the performance of the night before without varying a movement. After this she frequently returned, especially if anything interfered with the usual routine of her first visit, and went through this same mimicry of an event that has evidently left a most vivid impression on her mind, until I have learned to interpret every gesture, and know as well what she is thinking of as if she uttered articulate sounds instead of using this strange pantomime. She sometimes does utter a word or two, but even without that I think I should have solved the riddle finally since the subject of it was most intimately connected with my own life."

"No!" exclaimed Clarkson incredulously. "What is the subject of this strange hallucination, do you suppose?"

"She lives over again her own experience on the night of the burning of the factory and Paradise Bay."

"How can that be?" asked Clarkson; "she could hardly have seen the flames from here."

"She set the fire herself!" said Kortright earnestly.

"You do not mean it?"

"There is no doubt of it. She performs all the acts the incendiary must have performed: turns on the water; sets the fire under the stairway; watches the flame; turns the lever of the waste-gate; flees and turns in to do still another act of vengeance at Paradise Bay."

"Are you sure you are not mistaken?" asked Clarkson. "Is your brain in good working order, or do your own fancies color what you see?"

"I am not fanciful, and I have worked too long over this riddle to question its solution now," said Kortright.

"What could have been her motive?" asked Clarkson.

"It could only have been a blind jealousy of Martin," responded Kortright. "I have recalled since this began the fact of her aversion for him even as a boy. It was probably due to her insensate jealousy of all those for whom Hilda manifested any attachment."

"Well, what is your conclusion?" asked Clarkson after a moment's thought. "Do you think her an impostor?"

"Not by any means," was the ready response. "I am no scientist, but I have heard that the brain is really two brains and that certain parts of it may act without, or even in opposition to, the action of the remainder. Now my explanation is that the woman is crazy beyond all doubt. Every part of her brain is diseased and abnormal; but one part may be said to sleep during the day, and the other, weaker and duller, during the night. During her somnambulistic state the most active and positive elements of her nature are at work, and she loves and hates with all the intensity of her earlier days. I am inclined to think that she acted the incendiary in this half-unconscious state. Only a little while before Hilda had been home for her vacation. The young people had been together here a good deal, and had probably been very lover-like. This had fired her weak brain to frenzy, and had intensified all her former hatred for my son."

"What is her feeling toward you?"

"She has never seemed to recognize me fully. I could not account for this at first, but finally concluded that it was because of my reclining position on the couch. Then, again, I have sometimes thought that she half mistakes me for Hargrove, who was himself accustomed to occupy a couch here in the library a good portion of the time instead of the bed in the room adjoining. Indeed, it was that fact that first suggested to my mind the advisability of doing so myself."

"You think she has sane and lucid intervals, then?"

"Well, I would hardly want to say that, but I think she has intervals when certain past facts are very clearly recalled to her memory," answered Kortright.

"Ah! that indeed," said Clarkson meditatively, as he rose and pressing one hand upon his neck threw his head quickly back as if to relieve an accustomed pain. Then he walked up and down the room in deep thought, his hands behind him and his head bowed on his breast, but with a step as nervous and elastic as if the years had not touched his frame nor care bowed his spirit. Kortright, chained to his pillow by disease, followed the footsteps of his friend with a look akin to envy. Presently he stopped at the foot of the couch, and looking down at the wan, keen face before him, he said:

"Squire Kortright, do you know it is very strange that we should come to speak of this woman and her mental status at this time?"

"Why so?" asks the other.

"Because," answered Clarkson, "it is the strength of one of her impressions that makes me feel it incumbent upon me to open this package."

"How is that?" asked Kortright, with a languid interest.

"Do you know that she has always claimed that Hilda is her daughter?"

"Oh, yes," said the sick man, laughingly; "everybody here knows of that crazy notion. She even goes farther, and declares that her name is Heloise—sometimes Heloise and sometimes Marah. It seems that her own

child was known by both of these names—the first bestowed by the mother, and the latter by the father, who, at her birth, had begun to taste the bitterness of his folly. In her quieter days she will stand gazing at Hilda's picture, painted when she was a child, you know, and will go into a fearful rage if any one calls it Hilda."

"Well, Kortright," said Clarkson firmly, "I believe her."

"You believe her? You believe what? I don't understand," said Kortright, with a puzzled expression.

"I believe that Hilda is Alida's child!"

"The devil you do!" exclaimed Kortright, springing up with an alacrity he had not known in many months, and gazing into Clarkson's face in unfeigned astonishment. "I beg pardon," he said presently; "I haven't used such a word before in forty years, but will you allow me to ask, Jared Clarkson, if you are insane as well as Alida?"

A flush passed over Clarkson's face which Kortright was too much amazed to note. There had been rumors at one time and another afloat in the community that the brain of this gifted man was at times somewhat disordered. The inquiry of Kortright was therefore a barbed arrow, which struck home all the more surely because it was evidently not intended to do mischief.

"Nevertheless," he answered quietly, "I do believe it, and have long believed it. Alida has always asserted it with the utmost positiveness, and, so far as I know, Hargrove never denied it."

"Denied it? Of course he never did. Would you think it necessary to deny a crazy servant's claim to one of your children? The thing is too ridiculous even to be laughed at!" exclaimed Kortright with indignant scorn.

"And yet I do believe it," persisted Clarkson. "You must admit, Mr. Kortright, that it is hardly an argument to compare one of our quiet households with one so full of mystery as this at Sturmhold."

"Mystery? Yes, mystery enough; but none of his making, Mr. Clarkson. He was a man as open as the day save where others were concerned—so simple and faithful that he never once thought of peril to himself or his child in the trust he undertook for the sake of that miserable, slack-spirited half-brother that was enslaved by this woman's pretty face."

"You are warm in your praise, and it is commendable that you should be," answered Clarkson; "but if what you say is all true, why was Hilda so constantly mixed up with this mysterious trust? First, she is provided for by the contract with you. Why should that be when his will made her his sole heir?"

"That is easily explained," said Kortright.

"Explained! Oh, yes, I know. But why the need of explanation?" demanded Clarkson. "Then, too, this very parcel is to be delivered into her hand, under certain contingencies."

"Of course, in order that she may continue her father's watch-care and benefactions, no doubt."

"That is the most reasonable explanation that can be given, if we exclude Alida's claim," said Clarkson; "but the fact is that no explanation—no hypothesis of a probable cause—nothing but the plainest and barest proof can prevail, in my mind, over the maternal instinct of this woman, who, at all times, whether sane or insane, has steadily and stubbornly asserted the fact."

"Well, then, in Heaven's name, break the seal and have the proof!" exclaimed Kortright, pointing to the envelope on the table.

Clarkson lifted the envelope with a trembling hand.

Taking a sharp knife from his pocket he carefully cut around the seals, leaving them still unbroken, and after opening the whole length of the packet, drew forth two smaller parcels from within. He read aloud the indorsement of the first:

"To be delivered to Hilda, without delay, whenever the accompanying package is opened and examined by any person authorized so to do. M. H."

"That looks a good deal as if Hilda and the other were one and the same, doesn't it?" said Kortright in a sneering tone.

"Wait," said Clarkson, as he raised the other and read the superscription:

"The papers herein contained will sufficiently establish the identity of the daughter of George Eighmie and Alida, claiming to be his wife. They are all originals.

(Signed) MERWYN HARGROVE."

"Open it! open it!" Kortright exclaimed impatiently.

Clarkson did so and drew out a bundle of papers. Hastily glancing at the filings on the backs, he opened

them one after another. At first his face showed only surprise. Then it grew pale.

"Well, what is it?" asked Kortright, reaching out his hand.

Jared Clarkson made no answer, but extended the papers to him, and sitting down by the table, buried his face in his hands. A sob that was almost a groan escaped him. Whether his conjecture was right or wrong, what he had found occasioned him only sorrow.

Harrison Kortright took the package, searched about the pillow for his glasses, put them on and looked through the file of papers carefully, one by one. There were ten of them—all alike.

"Pshaw! what is all this nonsense?" he said at length; but his hand trembled and his voice quavered as he spoke.

The papers were term-bills, and read:

"CAPTAIN MERWYN HARGROVE,
In acct. with Beechwood Seminary,
To Board and Tuition of Hilda Hargrove."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LIGHT PURSES ABROAD.

In these days everybody wants to "go abroad," from fashionable "Mrs. Gill," who is so "ill"

"That nothing will improve her,
Unless she sees the Tulleries,
And waddles through the Louvre,"

to the country school-mistress, the sore-throated minister and the perennial bride and groom. How to go is a popular question every season, and I purpose giving definite instructions that will enable four ladies, under certain conditions, to travel for nearly five months in England, Scotland, France, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland and Italy, having everything essential to comfort, and spending only six hundred dollars, exclusive of their steamer tickets. The writer knows whereof she affirms, for she was herself one of four ladies who made the trip a year or two ago. *Four* is the best number, easily managed, easily accommodated in one carriage, in two rooms; four divide the expense nicely—more make a "crowd"—fewer are likely to be lonely. It is well if one be a "madame," but if all are single, the party should not be too youthful. Each lady must be intelligent, good-natured, quick-witted and healthy. Some of the party should be able to speak French and German, and to understand both these languages when spoken. Women unaccustomed to travel, to human nature, to using money judiciously and to keeping an account of the same, ought not to join in the undertaking. When four suitable persons are agreed, it is best to map out a route, to study distances, dividing up the time to the places. Changes can be made later; forethought saves money and prevents vexatious mistakes. Read a little on art, architecture and what you expect to see of historical interest. Don't cram an excited mind all at once with that which you can learn in travel with keener enjoyment. Goethe says: "It is only in Rome you can prepare yourself for Rome." Carry across only one guide-book (we liked Appleton's). This, with local ones everywhere sold in Great Britain, will be enough until you buy "Baedeker" on the Continent as you go. Get without fail a list of good lodg-

ings or "pensions" for all large cities where you stay long. Secure in time staterooms on a first-class steamer. In buying the four tickets one can often get a large reduction from printed cost. Have your six hundred dollars in a letter of credit; keep it in a small silk bag hung around your neck, out of sight of course, and never put it anywhere else, or some day a ladylike pauper in Paris may be weeping for the fortune a London chambermaid has swept into the fire. Take five dollars each in English silver for steamer fees—enough, unless you require continual waiting upon. Secure nice rooms for your return passage when you land in Liverpool.

Now, the outfit. A steamer-chair for each person, and two moderately large trunks for the four. Arriving in Liverpool, you will leave your trunks there with your heavy wraps and everything carried merely for steamer use. Wear on the voyage a very warm dress. Leave it with your wraps, and start from Liverpool in a fresh traveling suit, plain, dark and handsomely fitted. If you can get along with but one heavy garment, an ulster is enough from May to October; in warm days it is easily strapped—everything superfluous causes sinful emotions. Shut up your bonnet from the dampness during the voyage. Let it be neat, close, pretty, but not large or wild in style, or you will hate it later. Have soft, warm head-gear for deck wear. Carry in a small compass remedies for ordinary ailments—for that particular one to which you are subject. It may be neuralgia. You will have an attack forty miles from a drug-store if you do not take precautions. Now comes a test of common sense; but rest assured if you follow the advice here given, you need never look travel-stained or untidy, but always can be well-dressed. Let each lady buy a strong, good-looking leather bag, such as is sold for about six to eight dollars. It has two compartments and a sort of portfolio between. It holds all one need carry for the trip, goes everywhere with one, and costs next to nothing as luggage. It is always seized by the omnipresent porter, who lifts it off and on cars or runs with it to carriages for a few pennies. Times

without number one man has snatched up our four, stowed them under car-seats or over our heads, and been off helping bewildered tourists hunt lost trunks—to find them after every good seat was taken. Our clean collars were admired and our ease-taking envied by many a worried countrywoman. Each of these bags will hold four changes of under-clothing (washing is done everywhere at short notice), one nice black silk dress (with few ruffles to be tumbled), and one stylish all-wool dress—you start with a new dress, so these, beside the one left for the steamer, will prove all-sufficient; slippers, an extra pair of walking-shoes, pretty breakfast sacque, and all other small articles required. For the steamer you want a loose flannel wrapper to wear at night, and if ill in the daytime. A light canvas school-bag carried on the arm is a fine catch-all. It holds guide-books, gossamer cape, and "tag ends," which refuse to go in big bag as you journey, but for the sake of looks as well as convenience don't get four just alike. Have a light umbrella, as small as is reasonable.

Go to Northwestern Hotel on landing, it is close to the trains, make your plans, draw ten pounds each to see "how far it goes." Don't be alarmed when you find that the first month's expenses foot up more than you expected. Rest, drive out to Sefton and Prince's Park if the sun shines. At night *sleep*; never travel at night if you want to enjoy the days. Next day, Chester; in the afternoon go to Leamington. Early next morning hire a carriage (a bit of extravagance that will pay) to take you for the whole day to Warwick, Kenilworth and surroundings, leaving you at Stratford-on-Avon for supper at "Red Horse Inn."

Now as to hotels, fees, fares. Always go to first-class hotels when you go to any. In large cities patronize lodgings or boarding-houses. Do not hesitate to say that you want comfortable, low-priced rooms. They will be nice, but on upper floors probably. The "madame" and one lady can go up and see before closing the bargain; understand just what is included in the agreement—lights, service, etc. If too much is asked explain why you are not suited; if no reduction is made, a new arrangement will be proposed probably as good as the first. Fee persons who do anything for you, but not all who "stand and wait," without it being true that they "also serve." Begin with fees that seem small to you; if they are not large enough you will speedily find it out. Pay as a party, not as individuals; you cannot be lavishly generous, you need not be mean. Without a system in regard to your expenses adopted at the outset, in a few days you will have wasted time, and, in making change, have borrowed, lent and innocently swindled one another. We appointed each week a "Peter," so named because of a stone in Melrose Abbey, on which is written: "Pray for the soul of Peter the treasurer." Peter must carry the biggest purse; into it let each person put a pound every time funds run low, and out of it let Peter be constantly paying all common expenses. Let another of the party carry the tough "fee purse," kept also replenished by taxes paid in the small coins always wanted in a hurry. Insist that each lady shall keep an exact account of her personal expenditures, and let Peter report nightly. Don't borrow and lend small sums, unless it is unavoidable. Take your meals regularly, and eat plenty of nourishing food, but you cannot order recklessly everything you may happen to fancy on the bill of fare, if you are to go economically. At noon you will rarely be near your hotel. There are almost always to be found quiet, cosy places, as in Warwick, where, in a pretty bake-shop, a pleasant woman provided a chop,

hot tea and delicious cakes and pastry served in a coffee-room for half the hotel price. There are similar places in Scotland. When you can, without doing anything singular (as in many hotels), avoid a *table d'hôte* dinner, and order one simpler, but just as satisfactory, for yourselves; you fare as well, and, in the long run, save money.

From Stratford-on-Avon we went to the English lakes, stopping at Manchester for a night, and buying Cook's tickets for that district. They save trouble about stages and connections with boats. Make frequent stops; don't forget St. Martin's Church, at Bowness, and the ramble from Ambleside to Stock-Ghyll-Force. When past Keswick don't hurry that so you cannot stay in Carlisle long enough to see the cathedral and the castle, but get yourselves to Glasgow in about ten days from Liverpool. Run down to Ayr. We tried Caygill's tickets from Glasgow to Edinburgh, stopped at Dumbarton to visit its ruined castle, and on through the Scotch lakes and Trossachs to the Bridge of Allan, a lovely place in which to spend Sunday. Plan to get into such nooks on Sunday. Policy, if not principle, will prompt wise travelers to rest from all the labor of sight-seeing on that day. Stirling Castle Monday, and on to Edinburgh; four or five days here, with one for Melrose, Abbotsford and Dryburgh; then on to London, with brief stops at York, Durham and Peterborough for the cathedrals. When you are in Liverpool write to several boarding-houses or lodgings in London, have answers stating terms sent to await you at Edinburgh, then you lose no time hunting for a home, having already selected one of which you know something. We boarded for one dollar and a half a day. Plan London sight-seeing systematically. Take the places nearest together in succession; heavy work half a day, lighter the other half. Visit, without fail, Hampton Court and Kew Gardens; go back on the Thames to London Bridge. Go also to Windsor, and save a day at least for Oxford. Two weeks this time for London, a few days on return. Here we bought of Caygill, 371 West Strand, tickets for the next two months' travel, with hotel coupons for about one-third of that time. Experience proved that we were wise in doing this. It takes time and practice to explain at a foreign ticket-office just what "*billet*" you want, to understand the rapid information of the agent who is talking volubly to others and rattling down change in francs, florins or lire. You will often make mistakes and lose money in these linguistic exploits. With one book of tickets we were never perplexed or hurried; we lost no connections; found Caygill's horses and carriages always exactly as represented—excellent. His couriers are frequently to be found at the hotels that he recommends, and they were prompt to render us important services with the utmost courtesy. Sometimes we could order nice rooms and meals for a little less than we paid for the coupons, then we saved his coupons for another hotel, where it would be more economical to use them than to settle our own bills with money in hand. As a rule, we used them in the most expensive hotels, and never with any dissatisfaction. Going by Folkestone and Boulogne to France the Channel passage is short, and it may be sweet, or it may be the most demoralizing experience of your life. Once we found it a mill-pond; once—words fail. A delightful month in Great Britain is ended, but in no other month will you spend as much money.

In Paris, as in London, avoid a hotel. We had a delightful pension, with every comfort and attention, for eight francs (\$1.60) a day. Spend about eleven days this time in Paris, then leave for Brussels, Ant-

werp, Aix-la-Chapelle and Cologne—about a week for these. You will be frequently hiring carriages, for in general it is best to ride between points in sight-seeing. Walk wastes time and saves only a little money at the cost of too much fatigue. Riding is rest and enjoyment, while it shows you a city as you cannot see it on foot. If a polite hotel-clerk calls your carriage and settles your bills you will pay what the polite clerk and the cunning driver fancy that rich Americans (rich, of course, *because* Americans) ought to pay. The affair will be so genteelly managed you will shrink from a protest. A wise, simple plan is to put on your hats and go out for a stroll. In a minute or two, if you do not attract drivers as so many separate pots of honey would attract flies, you will find plenty of cabs at a near stand. Ask for the printed rates, which the *cocher* often hides, and be sure to tell whether you take the carriage by the hour or the course. These drivers are usually very intelligent, and can suggest places well worth seeing; but for ours in Brussels we should have forgotten Antoine Wiertz's strange museum, or rather gallery. One never begrudges them their expected "*pour boire*." It is necessary to be clear-headed and quietly firm in all business matters. Europeans are so invariably polite, even in attempting impositions, or when caught in them, that an angry American, waxing uncivil, never appears to good advantage.

Long before this point in your journey you will have met agreeable traveling parties, and will perhaps continue to meet them, forming pleasant acquaintances. Be friendly, enjoy them, but keep yourselves a distinct party of four. If you do not do this, little difficulties and dissatisfaction will arise. You may have to keep explaining what you can or cannot afford to do, or be led into little extravagances that you will regret. You are not traveling in a style that you need be ashamed of, but you will come in close contact with tourists, seeing no more, doing no more, learning, enjoying no more (very likely less), yet who are spending two francs to your one. If they are sensible, and find out your affairs, they will regard you with unmixed admiration. If they are "shoddy," put a hotel between yourselves and them.

Speaking French and German, and having Baedeker, you will need to hire no guides to show you around cities. Local guides are always in palaces, ruins, etc., explaining everything for a reasonable fee. One of our party had sufficient knowledge of Italian (easily acquired) to hire cabs, to give directions, and to ask necessary questions. Another dropped into a new city as a cat enters into a familiar haunt. With her maps she could pilot us anywhere. Half an hour's study, and she learned Paris. Rome she entered as if she had left it a week before. But if one has not this quickness, just to call a driver, to say *Louvre*, *Dom* or *Borghese Palace*, as the case may be, is enough. You will be taken to the place mentioned.

The currency of the different countries is soon learned; but avoid taking small coin of one country into another. Taking florins from Prague to Munich, we were forced to change them for marks at a considerable loss in exchange. A good way to manage is to have each lady draw unequal amounts at the bank—one rather less than she calculates she may want, another more; then, on leaving the country, the one with the overplus can pay it out on the bill of any who fall short, and all be rid of small coin. Italian *paper* money is useless out of Italy. Try to spend your last *lira* before leaving there; but if you have a small amount left over, you can enclose it in a letter to Carlo Ponti,

Piazza San Marco, Venice, and for it have nice photographs mailed to your address.

But you are not near Venice yet. Starting perhaps about noon from Cologne, you glide up the Rhine, stopping at Königswinter for a climb to the Drachenfels and a good night's rest. Coblenz next day, visiting Ehrenbreitstein. Early next morning start for Mayence, seeing now the finest part of the river. Next day by rail to Baden-Baden. Two days here, with some little excursions; a day at Heidelberg, then Frankfort, Eisenach and Weimar (brief stops in these last, merely to see chief objects of interest); Berlin, four days; one for Potsdam. Don't go away without seeing Charlottenburg. Then three days for Dresden; a day in Prague, the quaintest place seen yet—cathedral, bridge, Wallenstein's Palace, Jews' quarter, a singular old synagogue, and weird old cemetery. Our driver talked only Bohemian—we, polyglot, with signs and wonders in the line of gestures, yet there was mutual delight and entire satisfaction with the means of communication. You find out "what's in a name" at such times. It was a very red-letter day. Plan to reach Munich about the end of your second month from date of landing. A week here, and a little trip to Innsbruck. Across Lake Constance to Zurich and Lucerne, the Rigi Culm; by boat to Alpnach over the Brunig Pass; Lake of Brienz to Giessbach, and excursions; Interlachen, Berne, Fribourg (concert in cathedral at evening), Lausanne, Lake Leman; stop at Chillon Castle; Martigny at night. Take Noir Pass to Chamouni, reaching Geneva about the end of the third month.

You may now have come to the end of tickets bought of Caygill or elsewhere, and are about to enter Italy, where there is a paper currency in use. Buy enough of it to get you as far as Turin after you cross the line. There, by exchanging gold for what you will need of this paper in Italy, you get a premium from gold. It is better to buy in Italy the round ticket for Italy, but you must know which ticket you want—there are many. Decide at what cities you will stop, the route to be taken, and, if you cannot state all this explicitly and rapidly in French or Italian, understanding everything said in return, you will do well to get some intelligent person from the hotel to buy it for you. One of Caygill's couriers happening to be at the Hotel Feder, saved us all trouble. Turin, two days; Milan, two; Verona, two; Venice, four; Florence, six; Rome, ten; Naples, four. Come back to start from Rome about the end of the fourth month: a day for Pisa; for Genoa, two or three; a night at Turin; leave early in morning for Aix-les-Bains, a charming watering-place, with most exquisite scenery and old Roman baths. From this place to Paris you have the longest ride by rail of your whole trip; but nearly all the way you must go "first-class" (there is no "second-class" on fast train), and if you have a compartment marked "Dames Seules" (ladies alone), you are very comfortable, getting into Paris before midnight. You have now two weeks to divide between Paris and London before leaving Liverpool for home. You may, of course, have already devoted a part of this time to any other places, as Rome or Florence—the programme is elastic.

Any other route covering as much ground can be taken, but this particular one has been tried and found easy and delightful. If you wish to go only half as far and stay longer your money will "hold out." To live in a single foreign city is much less expensive than to go continuously from one to another. But some one may ask: "Why not join a large party and have all arrange-

ments made for you?" We met several "personally-conducted tours." One was a party in the Alps of thirty people—thirty more had squabbled with these, and gone on ahead. In all the days of our lives we never before saw so much human nature to the square inch. There was a ravenous clique made up of those who had not had enough to eat since they started. There was the scornful clique, who said these last were "piggish." There was a virtuous, shocked clique, who exposed the follies of a youthful clique. There was the naughty ringleader of these youthful few who rashly declared that these censors were "sour old maids and deceitful widows." One of the special couriers said to us privately: "I am not mad, but soon shall be," or something to that effect. Again, like an invasion of locusts, one hundred tourists once swept by us in a palace at Munich. A guide at the head told his story to about twenty who could hear; the rest elbowed one another or yawned in ignorance or indifference. At Geneva a long-suffering hotel clerk, on seeing the end of another troop, exclaimed: "Good heavens! don't I dread them when they come in *droves*!"

Look carefully over all bills before you pay them. It is surprising how many mistakes are made in hotels, and more surprising that they are never to your advantage. Have the bills brought to your room before you are in the hurry of immediate departure, and where you remain long in one place have frequent settlements. One remark more: do not start with any person whose disposition and habits are not well known to you. One selfish or jealous or hot-tempered or sulky individual will ruin your comfort and pleasure. The right four must be a little careful not to "pair off" exclusively, but to keep up the *esprit de corps*. If A and B have best rooms or best seats on Monday, see that C and D have the best on Tuesday. Don't criticise or "talk one another over" unless by way of praise. Each will probably develop a talent for helpfulness, and will like it to be appreciated. Each one may (being human) betray some weakness; then remember wise old Thomas à Kempis: "If thou canst not make thyself such an one as thou wouldst, how canst thou expect to have another in all things to thy liking?"

PIERRE QUATRIÈME.

MISS HILDRETH.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

"I MUST have a peacock, John," said Miss Hildreth, as she met her man-servant on the lawn. "He would look so finely on the balustrade, with his feathers spread or trailing them over the green sward. I really must have one, John."

"They be an awful nuisance, marm," demurred John. "They'd never stick to the balustrade. They be as hard to manage as children, an' that 's a fac'."

"They keeps up an awful squalling, miss," put in Jane, the maid, when the matter reached her ears. "They'll be worse than Miss Noyes' guinea-hens, and Miss Dunn's parrot, or them children of Parson Miller's—I never *did* see such neglected plagues as they be," she added irrelevantly. "I wonder their mother don't rise in her grave. But the poor man—what does he know of the care of babies, with his sermons and his prayer-meetings, and his parochial visits and his 'poor? He's off to this wedding or that funeral, or he's reading the Word to the sick and blind. It's a shame there's no women folks, but hired help, to look after 'em. I see him myself one day a-tidying of them up, and pinning on their clean collars wrong side out and upside down. I s'pose he was thinking of free-will and election, like as not."

"I wish him joy of them," said Miss Prudence. "I prefer the peacock."

The first night after the peacock's arrival, however, Miss Prudence never closed her eyes, or the bird his mouth, so to speak; but when he pranced across the lawn in the morning light, Miss Prue thought she would rather lose her sleep than the sight of so much beauty.

"Miss Dunn says she'll have to lay in a stock of chloral and bromide, if you're going to keep the peacock," Jane reported; and Mrs. Noyes herself dropped in to suggest that he could be killed and stuffed.

"He'll be quite as decorative," said she, "without disturbing the neighbors."

Every two or three days a small urchin would appear with the bird in tow, and remark demurely: "Your peacock strayed over to Dickens', and I've fetched him along home," for which civility sundry pieces of small change would be disbursed.

"And who are you?" she asked, when the same youngster had performed the same benevolent service some half-dozen times.

"I? Oh, I'm Parson Miller's boy."

"His son?"

"Why, yes 'um—I reckon so."

"I shall have to shut him up," said Miss Prue. "His traveling expenses will ruin me."

By this time the poor bird had lost most of his fine tail-feathers in the process of being run down by the Miller brothers and their contemporaries, and presented a ragged appearance which went to its owner's heart. So he was shut up in a temporary pen till he should learn better ways; but Miss Prudence, going to look after him one afternoon, found the two Millers inside the pen, chasing him about to display his plumage, while their little sister stood outside and clapped her hands, and a crowd of other children stood peeping between the slats.

"What are you doing, children?" she cried.

"Oh, we've been reading about peacocks, and they need exercise," vouchsafed the eldest Miller.

"It seems to me that *you* need a stick," said Miss Prue.

"Father don't approve of whipping," chirruped the youngest; "do you, father?"

And Miss Prue lifted her eyes and met those of the Rev. Austin Miller, which wore a startled, perplexed expression, while the color palpitated across his pale face.

"My children have annoyed you," he said, with the hesitating tone which begged to be gainsaid.

"They have only annoyed the peacock," answered Miss Prue, dropping her gaze, and flushing rosy red in her turn.

"I came in search of these rogues," he went on. "Bridget was sure they were in some mischief—I did not expect to find *you*."

"No, of course not," said Miss Prue, in a voice studiously matter-of-fact.

"I have read somewhere," the Rev. Mr. Miller pursued, "that the only real happiness which ever arrives to us, springs up quite unexpectedly in our path—it is not the result of search. I dropped the thread of my sermon, against my will, at a critical point to pick up these little folks. I have my reward."

"You are very easily satisfied," returned Miss Prue, in the same remote voice. She was hardening her heart against the persuasive tones which had once been like the music of the spheres to her.

"No, I am not easily satisfied. I have never been satisfied with myself—with some hasty actions of my own, I should say. Miss Prudence, you have never forgiven me?" he spoke half-questioningly, as if he would fain be contradicted.

"I never thought of it as anything to forgive," she said, and her voice melted and broke a little in spite of herself. "It was so long ago," a little proudly, as if she would not let him suppose that it signified. "I see now that fate or Providence was kinder to us than I believed. I don't think I was intended for a domestic life," as her eyes fell upon the three harum-scarum children in their torn frocks and mischief—the children who might have been her own, but for their mother's double-dealing.

Austin Miller smiled a little sadly as his glance followed hers.

"They are torments to the neighbors, I fear," he said; "but they are all the comfort I have," holding a hand to them. "Come, children, make your bow to Miss Hildreth, and tell her you are sorry."

"But we are not a bit sorry," said little Amy. "The peacock is so beautiful, we are glad we comed. We mean to do it again."

"Truth is no longer at the bottom of a well," said Miss Prue, with a real smile dimpling her face as she said good-by.

If Deacon Brickett could have seen the manuscript of Mr. Miller's sermon as he reflected in his study that evening, he would have supposed that the words, "Come again, dear dream," scrawled on the margin, referred beyond a doubt to the dream of Jacob when he saw the angels of God ascending and descending.

"Them there Miller boys be enough to drive you to glory, an' no mistake," declared Jane, a few weeks later. "I wouldn't be their mother—no, not if you'd give 'em to me."

"They're not mine to give," said Miss Prue. "What have they done now?"

"Done? They've gone and broke the pea-hen's eggs, to see the little peacocks, sure 's you're alive. They expected to find 'em full-fledged, long tail and all. Amy's gone home crying."

"And where are the boys?"

"Mr. Miller, he's going to send 'em to bed without their supper, and serve 'em right. Their mother's shirked all the bother of 'em, sure enough!"

"Without their supper—poor things!" cried Miss Prue. "Why, it's only three o'clock of a summer's day. I remember when I used to be sent to bed by daylight when I was little and naughty, and it always

seemed to me a horrible injustice. Jane, run over to the parsonage, and tell Mr. Miller he will do me a favor if he will—"

"Baste 'em soundly," put in Jane.

"Jane! how inhuman! He will do me a favor if he will let them off this time."

"Now, Miss Prue, if you'd write it yourself—sure 's you live—excuse me, miss—but I ain't got the face to carry that there message." And it so happened that the Rev. Austin Miller found himself dreaming over a perfumed note, in his study, while his sermon on "The Mistakes of a Christian" lay forgotten before him—dreaming of the first note he had ever received from Miss Prue, fifteen years or so ago, the words of which started out from some hidden corner of his brain where they had been sleeping unknown to him; dreaming of the dewy evenings in the rose garden of the old parsonage, where he studied Divinity and she taught the children their A B C's; of moonlight nights on the river together, and spring mornings in the woods hunting for the first wild flower; of Sundays, when they sang together in the choir; of their stroll home through green, sweet-scented lanes. The thousand and one dear hours they had spent in each other's company passed before his mind's eye like some beautiful panorama. He wondered if, indeed, he was the hero of those dreams, if he had ever been so happy. The first parting, the first estrangement, wrung his heart anew, as if they had happened only yesterday. What a foolish thing their little quarrel looked like to-day, seen by the light of years and knowledge—such a trifle, but with such large results! Yet he had been the first to make an overture toward reconciliation, thank God! If she accepted his overture she was to write and say so; but no word had come to him in reply. What days and hours of dark suspense lifted their shadows before him; how the whole world had seemed bleak and unprofitable without her! And in a season of weakness, when his wounded heart could bear no more, he had accepted the sympathy and comfort nearest at hand, and had finally married Letty Carew, because she loved him, only to wake up one day to find that he owed all his unhappiness to her. Miss Hildreth had indeed answered him, had given Letty the letter to mail—they had been intimate friends in those days, intrusted with each other's heart-beats—and Letty had detained the missive that would have healed the breach. How did he know this? Years after it tumbled out of a drawer of old letters, and confronted him with its familiar address. Miss Carew thought she had secured herself for all time by burning Prue's letter, but she had tossed the wrong envelope into the grate. Austin Miller had lived his sorrow over again after this discovery; he had waked with it and wrestled with it without getting nearer happiness, and had long ago made up his mind to do without it. But he had thought it due to Prudence Hildreth to send her word that by an accident her letter had come to hand five years too late; he said nothing of Letty's share in the matter, but Prudence understood all. These memories had been revived by Prue's hasty note asking him to forgive the children for breaking up the pea-hen's nest! Her children, too! He was at the point of carrying the note to his lips, when his eye fell upon his sermon, "The Mistakes of a Christian," and lest this should be one of them, he threw it into the waste basket. He looked at the clock; he had been idle two whole hours. "Of what was he thinking?" he asked himself; "where was he drifting? an anointed priest, the example and counsellor of sinners?" At least he could go and thank Prue with a clear conscience; as for the children, they

were already in bed, technically speaking, and having such a capital pillow fight that they agreed to get into mischief every day of their lives, and be punished.

After that Mr. Miller often found himself dropping in, on one pretext or another, at The Elms; to ask Miss Prue to play over the air of some new psalmody, that he might join in the congregational singing; to lend her the latest volume of religious thought; to beg advice about the children. Sometimes he came bringing those unruly infants, with their brown hands full of peacock feathers and their little hearts full of impenitence. They and the peacock were now the best of friends; he ate from their hand and endured their petting, which was much like punishment, with heroism; if he stayed away they hunted him out and brought him home in triumph.

"Those children might as well live here," said Jane.

"And their father, too," added John.

"Not a bite of sweetbread can I keep in the larder; and when they tears their frocks they goes straight to Miss Prue, and she mends them before Bridget scolds 'em, just as if they 'd be her very own."

"A fine stepmother she'd be making," observed John. "They do be saying in the village that it's her cap she is setting for the parson."

"That's just the way of the gossips! If a man takes to a woman it's always she that is a-setting of her cap for him. The parson ought to ask 'em to pick out a wife for him and suit themselves."

"And then there's others who says it's her money," persisted John, who, like a fair historian, was bound to state both sides; "an' that he come here a-purpose to marry her."

"A great deal they knows about it," cried Jane. "I heered him tell her, with my own blessed ears, that when he was called to this 'ere parish he never dreamed that she lived here. They must hev knowed each other, you see, when they was young, afore Miss Prue came into her great-uncle's property, and came to live at The Elms; for I hear 'em talking now and again of folks that don't belong hereabouts. And she says, 'Do you remember the day we went hither and the day we went yon?' And he says, 'I remember, I remember,' and looks away from her face. I thinks, myself, he must have been an old beau of hers. I sees 'em together a heap, you know, bringing in the tea things, and the lamps, and pottering 'round—"

"At the keyhole," laughed John.

"And I've never found 'em love-making onct, though I steps quiet-like, John, as you know, and it isn't like opening a door to push the *portière* aside."

It is true the Miller children were a great deal at The Elms, and gave their father frequent excuse to follow them; and it is true there were few congenial souls in the parish or village, and what so natural as that he should see more or less of his pleasant neighbor, with whom he could journey back to the past. Indeed, they never talked of to-day or to-morrow; it was always

yesterday whose praises they sang, whose skies they extolled, whose pleasures they coveted. He was nothing like a lover, to be sure, except in preferring her society, and yet it was a happiness to Prue to see him there, to know that he would come to-morrow. It was toward night, one summer day, that Miss Prue, looking out on the lawn, where the shadows of the leaves were dancing, saw Mr. Miller—no unusual sight—coming toward her door. He had been out of town a whole week on business; Bridget had confided to Jane that he had "gone away suddin'," after a telegraph in a yaller wrapper come for him; but he had been at home several days without darkening, or, to express her feelings better, illuminating Miss Prue's door. Naturally, she wondered what his errand had been; if he had had a call to leave the parish; and at that thought her heart stood still.

"You have been away," she said after the first greetings.

"Yes. I hope you did not suffer from an invasion of young Millers during my absence."

"We met, but we missed you," she admitted. "I hope your vacation was a rest and recreation to you."

"My journey was not a pleasure trip, Prue," he said. "My wife died suddenly at the asylum on the fifth of the month—"

"Your wife!" gasped Miss Prue. "Your wife—died—on the fifth of the month! I thought—Austin—Mr. Miller—I thought she had been dead years and years!"

"I thought you knew," he returned. "I supposed everybody had heard of it; it was too sad a story to rehearse often or needlessly. It was in all the dailies at the time. You must have been abroad then. Amy was in her cradle when Letty left me—eloped with her music-teacher. Two years ago she went to the asylum, mad as Hamlet. Prue, Prue," he cried, "do you think I have hidden anything from you? Is not the loss of fifteen years of happiness enough? Shall her ghost divide us still?"

"And I have been loving another woman's husband all this time," she said, moving away from him. Heaven only knows how far her Puritan conscience would have carried her, but just then Jane burst into the room, crying:

"It's little Tom Miller—the peacock fell into the river, and Tom jumped in to save him—and the bird's safe—but Tom—the cramp took him—John's brought him up the bank—"

And then Jane fainted away. It was hours before consciousness returned to Master Tom, and weeks before the roof of The Elms could be exchanged for that of the parsonage, owing to a fever which succeeded. Mr. Miller and Miss Prue passed many a watchful night at his bedside, and many a day of sickening dread; but it was a year and better before Miss Hildreth could forgive herself for having loved another woman's husband and before a wedding which had been belated fifteen years, took place at The Elms.

A SONG.

To-day from the south came a flight of hours,
Of golden hours with welcome wings;
And where they passed grew fragrant flowers,
And the sunbeams laughed on a thousand springs.

And maidens forgot to be shy and cold
When they heard the birds, when they saw the flowers,
And many a secret love was told—
Because of a flight of sunny hours.

The garléd trees on the windy hill
Put forth a wonder of radiant white;
The meadow, yesterday bare and still,
Was suddenly filled with the birds' delight.

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.



THE question "What shall be done with the next-door baby?" has at last been answered. It shall be incubated. Even the next-door parent could not object to this remedy, since it is primarily designed for the benefit of the infant, and the delightful results to the neighborhood are purely incidental. The formula for the prescription comes from France, where it has been tested with the most gratifying success by Dr. Tavernier, who must hereafter be reckoned one of the world's greatest benefactors. Under his ingenious process sickly children become healthy, and discontented ones cease to complain. There is no more walking with them at night, and that regular see-saw of the rocker which penetrates partition walls, and becomes thunder when executed on the floor overhead, can, with stage-coaches and bob-wigs, pass into the bygone. There need be no anxiety about teething, no disturbance because of colic; the incubated infant attends to these matters for itself, and emerges from the incubator fully equipped for childhood's trials, having had no experience of a baby's tribulations. The incubator itself is a very simple affair. It is a box covered with a glass slide, and kept at a temperature of eighty-six degrees by means of hot water. This is placed in a dark room, and the child is provided with a nursing bottle. Here, in that serene contemplation, dear alike to Buddha and to infants, it passes the early months of its existence. No one trots it, no one bangs it on the back, nor holds it so that its loose, unbalanced head rolls helplessly from side to side. The light does not shine into its winking eyes; it is not tortured by stiff embroidery nor thrown into fits by pins. Under such beneficent influences it thrives as a young animal should. It comes out strong of limb and ready to walk, and has outgrown its little bed. It has escaped so much that it has accumulated a reserve fund of staying power, and meets childhood with equanimity. It soon learns to talk, and when it comes into the family circle it is still an infant, but it is reasonable—it is jolly. It has no sad recollections, no suspicions and sudden alarms. Its relations have taken no advantage of it, and it knows nothing of the mortification of being put on exhibition and praised by the false neighbor. The experiments of Dr. Tavernier have been on a large scale, and he has had at one time three hundred and sixty infants reposing in their little ovens. In the Foundling Hospital, where he made his experiments, the confusion of a bedlam was succeeded by the serenity of a Quaker meeting. The babies averaged the age of eight months, and the weight of sixteen pounds. Puny, sickly, cross, they went to their little beds; they drank from their bottles, they slept, they meditated, they threw their arms and legs about; they had new views of life. They stayed in this seclusion six months, and came out heavy and strong. One had died, one had been reclaimed by repentant parents, but the three hundred and fifty-eight remaining charged into the rooms like children of three years. They experimented in motion, and in a week were on foot walking. They began to talk, and when a select committee of twelve, appointed by the French Government, went to investigate this astounding discovery who can doubt but that they could have given it intelligent verbal testimony?

One of the beauties of this experiment lies in its simplicity. There is nothing expensive nor difficult in the arrangements. The warm little box would not cost as much as a silver rattle; there need be no nurse on constant duty; the coat and cap, the numberless dresses are supplanted by a little wrapper; the carriage is not needed; the mother can go into society, and, no longer on spasmodic guard, can give her husband her society in the evening. His slumbers are unbroken either by wails or soothing, and the incubated infant is a well-spring of pleasure, a perennial joy.

BEFORE deciding upon the publication of the advice given in this number of THE CONTINENT to would-be European travelers who are blessed with slender means, the manuscript was submitted to a lady who has "done" Europe under very different conditions from those indicated in the paper referred to. The original letter lies on the editor's desk at this moment, in the familiar handwriting of an author well known to the English reading public:

"I think the article has enough common sense and general information to make it valuable—say to school-mistresses on a vacation, or any one who is willing to travel in this rigid way, limited as to baggage and careful of every shilling. As there are plenty of such people, strong, resolute, and able to work hard and fare not too well, and live in bags instead of trunks, and ride backward in carriages half the time, it might be worth while to publish the article, to inform such people how to do it. I couldn't and wouldn't do it. I should far rather spend all the time in one foreign country, unless I could travel what I call comfortably. I don't mean that I should wish to employ a courier, stop at the grandest hotels, or travel luxuriously; but I should not be contented to follow a plan like this. I should have said it would be impossible to do it even as here described, on the money the writer mentions; but I suppose, having tried it, she knows. I could not do it. I don't know why she says cochers hide their printed tariffs. They always hand one to me in Paris without asking, and in London they are conspicuously posted on every cab. I should think three hours, instead of two days, enough for Turin, unless one stopped to rest there; and I should not think four days enough for lovely Venice. But these are minor details. For a cheap trip, it would be a good deal wiser and cheaper to go to Glasgow first by the Glasgow line, and make the journey from Glasgow to Liverpool, beginning at the Glasgow end. But I always go to Liverpool, for I prefer the lines that go there. I hate railway carriages labeled "*Dames Seules*." They are usually crowded with cross women and tired children. I always take my chance in a mixed company."

This matter of economical traveling abroad is not, however, so impossible as our correspondent seems to think, even to people who know what luxuries are and how to use them. The writer hereof could name members of a proud old Bostonian family who, not long since, varied their experiences of seeing Europe *en grand seigneur* by limiting their impedimenta to hand-valises and shawl-straps, much in the manner described by our author. Their verdict was that it is by far the best way to go. The millionaire of the period, making the tour of the world in his magnificent steam-yacht, is to us far less a worthy subject of admiration than the group of poor teachers, authors or

artists seeking culture and relaxation at the least possible outlay. Their hundreds have at least been earned in the honorable ways of industry, while in most cases the millions are tainted with the crooked ways of Wall Street speculation. The school-mistresses have our benediction, and we wish them a pleasant trip.

It is not altogether a comfortable thing to know that the manufacture of dynamite, nitro-glycerine and their numerous explosive cousins may be effected with a comparatively small amount of chemical knowledge. A few receptacles of glass or earthenware, the necessary chemical constituents and some simple formulas, are all that is required to enable, let us say, an Irish patriot to prepare a package of nitrated alkali capable of shattering Windsor Castle or the Houses of Parliament "from turret to foundation-stone." There is no use in ignoring an engine which may be used most effectively by others than Nihilists and Irreconcilables. Why should not reckless desperadoes explode these terrible agents of destruction beside bank-vaults or private stores of valuables, in the hope of securing plunder enough to pay expenses during the confusion and ruin wrought by the blast? The mere sacrifice of life causes such men not a moment of hesitation, provided the chances of being found out are reduced to a minimum. Society will sooner or later have to do something in self-protection against the manufacture and use of these agents. It would be impossible to frame a law too stringent in this regard. When a lunatic can carry in his pocket a charge sufficient to wreck the largest building, it is time to render the unauthorized manufacture, or even the possession of such explosives, a state prison offense.

PERHAPS it would be well for those of our fellow-citizens who consider it patriotic to assault the "heathen Chinese," pull his cue, and otherwise maltreat him, to know that this sort of thing has now become the subject of diplomatic correspondence. Two Chinamen, peaceable sojourners in a town of Georgia, were roughly handled some weeks ago, and in their stupid Chinese fashion, instead of being thankful to escape with their lives and scalps, straightway entered a complaint with their minister at Washington, as if they actually had rights which Caucasians were bound to respect. The difficulty about this business is that the Chinaman as a general thing never gives provocation save in the mere fact of being a Chinaman. If satisfactory amends are not accorded to the Celestial Government by that of the United States, it is difficult to see why reprisals should not be made on the persons of Americans resident in China.

WHEN in the recently published volume, "The Friendships of Mary Russell Mitford," the reader of the charming correspondence recorded there found, toward the end of the volume, a report of a conversation held with Carlyle by Mr. James T. Fields, the last remnant of patience vanished. They had met at dinner, and Carlyle asked:

"Isna there a place called Concord near ye? What like is it?"

"A pretty little New England town," was Mr. Fields' answer, "of no political importance, but lively and pleasant as a residence."

"Pretty! lively! Ye ken I had fancied it to be a dull, dreary place, wi' a drowsy river making believe to creep through it, slow and muddy and stagnant, like the folk that inhabit it."

Here would seem to be a disloyalty not only unexpected, but well nigh infamous, toward a man who for years had, according to his own saying, represented to him the clearest comprehension he had ever received. Yet it proves only the phrasing of a little keener dyspeptic twinge—the snarl and snap of a passionate, ill-regulated temper under perpetual physical suffering. Certainly no hint of deprecation enters the long correspondence.

If no other office were served by the two volumes before

us,¹ its reconstruction of much of the old thought of Carlyle would be a boon. There are passages that may stir up rancor, and there is the hoarse and familiar shout for silence that occurs at periodical intervals wherever and whenever Carlyle uses a pen. There is the same morbid self-pity and the same selfishness at which one is suddenly aghast, but it becomes more and more certain as one reads that these are, after all, bodily accidents—the acrid, disputatious Scottish temper being in part responsible, but dyspepsia chiefly and always, warping judgment and perverting testimony. And certainly his capacity for deep and true affection exceeded that of Emerson, who is always the remiss one when the correspondence languishes, and who never apparently wrote on the impulse of the moment, but made a first draft and then copied and elaborated. He was a faithful and appreciative friend, but too cool and serene a nature to give even a suggestion of the ardent, glowing feeling Carlyle now and then poured out, and that, when it came, was compensation for much bitterness and even injustice.

The letters number one hundred and seventy-three, and for the first volume are chiefly a record of Emerson's very earnest attempts to secure both renown and what was fairly due to this friend over the sea. There are great squabbles with various booksellers, whose piratical tendencies excite the wrath of both men, and whose characters are summed up in English of no uncertain sound. It is Carlyle whose wrath is fiercest, and oburgation has place in every letter—if not for booksellers, then for book-makers, and the whole human race in general. There are bits of Emerson's home-life, very lovely in tone; an amusing interlude on Indian meal, its virtues and possibilities, and much discussion as to Carlyle's frequent proposals to visit America, which Emerson urged always from the beginning of the acquaintance. There are glimpses of many distinguished men and women, judged and summed up by Carlyle with an incisiveness amusing always, but rather dreadful to the subject. Carlyle seldom loved without many mental reservations, John Sterling and Emerson being almost the sole exceptions to this rule, while Emerson had none; but while seldom or never showing passionate devotion, yet gave a quiet and considerate affection more satisfactory perhaps than a more tumultuous one. He is a fearless critic, too, and writes of the "Sartor:"

"I have now received four numbers of the 'Sartor Resartus,' for whose light thanks evermore. I am glad that one living scholar is self-centered, and will be true to himself, though none ever were before. . . . And it is good to have a new eye inspect our mouldy social forms, our politics and schools and religion. . . . Evermore thanks for the brave stand you have made for Spiritualism in these writings. But has literature any parallel to the oddity of the vehicle chosen to convey this treasure? I delight in the contents; the form, which my defective apprehension for a joke makes me not appreciate, I leave to your merry discretion. And yet did ever wise and philanthropic author use so defying a diction? As if society were not sufficiently shy of truth without providing it beforehand with an objection to the form. . . . I look for the hour with impatience when the vehicle will be worthy of the spirit—when the word will be as simple, and so as resistless, as the thought—and, in short, when your words will be one with things."

Hardly a page but affords some choice sentence for quotation. Friends of each come and go, received by Carlyle well or ill according to the mood of the moment, and their effect upon him being described in sentences that are often masterly summaries of character. We have great reason to be grateful for the beautiful volumes, which owe much to the careful editing of Mr. Charles Eliot Norton, and which include two portraits, one of Emerson, from a drawing made by Powers in 1857, and of Carlyle, from an old daguerreotype of earlier date.

(1) THE CORRESPONDENCE OF THOMAS CARLYLE AND RALPH WALDO EMERSON, 1834-1872. 2 vols., 12mo, pp. 868, 383, \$4.00. James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.



EVERY one who enjoys the quiet, delicate humor of Mr. Charles Dudley Warner—and who does not?—will be glad to think of him as the future editor of "The Drawer" in *Harpers' Magazine*.

HENRY HOLT & Co. publish "A Story of Carnival," by Miss Mary Hoppus, author of "Five Chimney Farm," and one of the most promising among the younger women writers of England. She is said to be a reserved and gentle woman, whose chief interest is in the spiritual side of human nature.

THE editors of *Texas Siftings*, which has taken its place as a paper holding some of the most amusing specimens of American humor, will publish the story which has been running for nearly a year under the title of "Through Texas on a Mexican Mustang." It will be a book of over six hundred pages, with some two hundred illustrations, and will be sold only by subscription. It will be published by S. S. Scranton & Co., Hartford, Conn.

MR. C. G. BUSH gives an amusing half hour to all who look over the illustrations of "Our Choir, a Symphony," inclosed in a folio in which every phase of experience in choirs finds record. The verse is as shockingly bad as the verse of librettos is usually allowed to be, but the drawings will atone for deficiencies in this respect, though it is doubtful if there is interest enough in them to insure a second opening of the book. (\$1.25; G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York).

ONE of the most intelligent, as well as sympathetic criticisms of Walt Whitman's work, as a whole, has lately been made by Mrs. May Cole Baker in two of the March numbers of the *Washington Republic*, a weekly which deserves to be better known, the grade of work it contains being far beyond the average. The poet's weak points are noted, but the writer holds the conviction shared by many, that apart from one or two very serious defects, he certainly represents a power and force which give him the first rank among American poets.

ALFRED DOMMETT, whose "Christmas Hymn" has been chosen as the subject for the prize illustrations to be given in *Harpers' Magazine* for December, 1883, was born in England in 1811, and lived for many years of his life in New Zealand and Australia. Robert Browning is understood to have referred to him in his poem entitled "Waring." The hymn in question, the first lines of which are:

"It was the calm and silent night!
Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to might,
And now was queen of land and sea,"

is the only production of his that ever excited general attention.

THE Irving number of *The Critic* was one of the most brilliant of that always brilliant journal. One of the most interesting glimpses of Irving is given by Dr. Holmes. "I could hardly believe," he says, "that this slight, delicate, gentle invalid was the same man who wrote the rollicking chapters of 'Knickerbocker.' It could not be that this was he whose stories I used to read by the light of the 'astral lamp' in the short evenings of boyhood when I went to bed with the lamb—whose books I could never open without their bringing a smile to my lips or a tear to

my eyes. I wanted a mental stereoscope to bring the figure before me and my ideal portrait of him into a single image. I came away knowing that I had seen him but not believing it. A sweet, placid, benignant old man, a monument of himself with its inscription faint yet still legible."

THE Lenten lectures delivered by the Rev. Morgan Dix appeared in book form the morning after the final one had been given, under the title of "The Calling of a Christian Woman, and Her Training to Fulfill It," an example of hasty book-making seldom equaled. In justice, it must be said that they were not intended for publication, but took that form because of the indignation and excitement occasioned by each in turn. Whatever may be thought of Dr. Dix's premises or conclusions he is at least very sincere. In the midst of an ignorance that would seem almost to be willful, and of an assumption that puts some of our noblest thinkers in the wrong, he is sometimes right. But the book has the flavor of the Middle Ages, and its principles, if carried out, would bring us speedily to the condition of those days. (12mo, pp. 175, \$1.00; D. Appleton & Co., New York).

No more delightful reminiscences have ever been given to an American public by an American than those recorded in "Figures of the Past, from the Leaves of Old Journals," by Josiah Quincy, of the class of 1821, Harvard College. The papers appeared chiefly in the *New York Independent*, and were prepared for issue in book form a few months before Mr. Quincy's death. They were written after he had passed his eightieth birthday, but there are no symptoms of age or decay of faculties in the genial memorials, which date back to the days of cues, powder and knee-breeches. Mr. Quincy's relationship through marriage to the Adams family gave him opportunities of specially intimate intercourse, and his impressions of John Adams the elder are quite in harmony with those received from the recent life of Adams in the "American Statesmen Series." The old "Phillips Academy," at Andover; "Harvard, Sixty Years Ago;" the various chapters on Lafayette, are all invaluable contributions to history, and his reminiscences of Webster are a delightful record, good to read in a time when a certain detraction seems the order in speaking of the great statesmen. To begin with John Adams and end with Joseph Smith and the Mormon Question, covers every phase of progress the century has known, and if the book were doubled or trebled in size it would still be welcome as a record in which there is not a shadow of malice or detraction, even when judgment is most fearless and uncompromising. (12mo, pp. 404, \$1.50; Roberts Brothers, Boston).

NEW BOOKS.

PERPETUAL CALENDAR. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

SONGS OF TOIL AND TRIUMPH. By J. L. McCreery. 16mo, pp. 143. \$1.25. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

OUR CHOIR. A Symphonie in A, B, C, D, E, F, G, Flats and Sharps, Major or Minor. By C. G. Bush. Oblong quarto. Illustrated. \$1.50. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

A HANDY DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. Giving the Spelling, Pronunciation and Meanings of the Words, Useful Tables, the Metric System, etc. Ivison, Blakeman & Taylor, New York.

GUIDE TO THE HOT SPRINGS OF ARKANSAS. By Charles Cutter. Illustrated. Slawson & Co., St. Louis.

STUDY AND STIMULANTS. Or the Use of Intoxicants and Narcotics in Relation to Intellectual Life. As Illustrated by Personal Communications on the Subject from Men of Letters and of Science. Edited by A. Arthur Reade. 12mo, pp. 201, \$1.50. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

SCIENCE IN SHORT CHAPTERS. By W. MATHIEU WILLIAMS, F. R. A. S. 12mo, pp. 308, \$1.00. Funk & Wagnalls, New York.

THE CALLING OF A CHRISTIAN WOMAN; And Her Training to Fulfill It. By Morgan Dix, S. T. D. 16mo, pp. 175, \$1.00. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

AMERICAN HUMORISTS. By Rev. H. R. Haweis, M. A. 12mo, pp. 179, \$1.00. Funk & Wagnalls, New York.



THE admirers of mosaic pictures will read with interest the following account of how they are made: The enamel is of a kind of glass, colored with metallic oxides, and it is so fusible that it can be drawn out into threads, small rods or oblong sticks, of varying degrees of fineness, slightly resembling the type used by compositors. These polychromatic rods are kept in drawers, properly numbered, so that the artist always knows to which case to repair when he requires a fresh supply of a particular tint or tints. When a picture is commenced, the first step is to place on the easel a slab of marble, copper or slate of the size fixed upon; and this slab is hollowed out to a depth of about three and a half inches, leaving a flat border all around which will be on a level with the completed mosaic. The excavated slab is intersected by transverse grooves or channels, so as to hold more tenaciously the cement in which the mounts of enamel will be imbedded. Then the hollowed slab is filled with "gesso," or plaster of Paris, on which the proposed design is accurately traced in outline, and usually in pen and ink. The artist then proceeds to scoop out a small portion of the plaster with a little sharp tool. He fills up the cavity thus made with wet cement or "mastic," and into this mastic he successively thrusts the "spiculae" or the "tesserae," as the case may be, according to the pattern at his side. In the broad folds of drapery or in the even shadows of a background or a clear sky, his morsels of enamel may be as large as one of a pair of dice; in the details of lips or eyes or hair, or foliage, or flowers, the bits of glass may be no larger than pins' heads. The cement or mastic is made of slaked lime, finely powdered Tiburtine marble and linseed oil, and when thoroughly dry is as hard as flint. Sometimes the mastic which fills the cavity is smoothed and painted in fresco with an exact replica of the pattern, and into this the bits of glass are driven, according to tint, by means of a small wooden mallet. If the effect produced offends the artist's eye, he can easily amend the defect by withdrawing the offending piece of enamel and driving in another while the cement is still wet; and by observing proper precautions it can be kept damp for more than a fortnight. When the work is completed, any tiny crevices which may remain are carefully plugged or "stopped" with pounded marble, or with enamel mixed with wax, and the entire surface of the picture is then ground down to a perfect plane, and finally polished with putty and oil. Byzantine may be broadly distinguished from Roman mosaic by the circumstance of the surface of the former being left unground and unpolished, save where there is burnished gold, thus leaving an irregularity of surface productive of great vigor of effect. A mosaic picture of the Byzantine style can at once be recognized as a mosaic, even if it be hung at an altitude of a hundred feet from the ground; but a perfected mosaic picture after the Roman manner might easily be mistaken, even at a very short distance, for a very elaborately finished and highly varnished painting in oils.

MR. FELIX L. OSWALD, speaking of a domesticated sloth, says: "Though fed daily by the same hands, the old pensioner still fails to identify his benefactor, or to recognize his obligations in any way. To his ear the human

voice in its most endearing tones is a grunt *et praterca nihil*—you might as well appeal to the affections of a cockroach. You may frighten a pig, a goose, a frog, and even a fly, but you cannot frighten or surprise a sloth. On my last trip to Vera Cruz I procured a pair of black sloths, full-grown, and in a normal state of health so far as I could judge; but, after a series of careful experiments, I have to conclude that their instinct of self-preservation cannot be acted upon through the medium of their optic or acoustic nerves. They can distinguish their favorite food at a distance of ten or twelve yards; and the female is not deaf, for she answers the call of her mate from an adjoining room; but the approach of a ferocious-looking dog leaves her as calm as does the sudden descent of a meat-axe within an inch of her nose. The male witnessed the accidental conflagration of his straw couch with the coolness of a veteran fireman. War-whoops do not affect his composure. I tried him with French-horn blasts and detonating powder, but he would not budge. One of my visitors exploded some pyrotechnic mixtures of wondrous colors and odors, but the sloth declined to marvel." Of another pet, a young Siamese monkey, the author says: "His conduct, under circumstances to which no possible ancestral experiences could have furnished any precedent, has often convinced me that his intelligence differs from the instinct of the most sagacious dog as essentially as from the routine knack of a cell-building insect. His predilection for a frugal diet equals that of his Buddhistic countrymen, and I have seen him overhaul a large medicine-chest in search of a little vial with tamarind jelly. He remembered the shape of the bottle, for he rejected all the larger and square ones, and, after piling the round ones on the floor, began to hold them up against the light, and subdivide them according to the fluid or pulverous condition of their contents. Having thus reduced the number of the doubtful receptacles to something like a dozen and a half, he proceeded to scrutinize these more closely, and finally selected four, which he managed to uncork by means of his teeth. Number three proved to be the bonanza bottle, and, waiving all precautions in the joy of his discovery, Prince Gautama left the medical miscellanies to their fate, and bolted into the next room to enjoy the fruit of his enterprise."

THE importance of preserving and cultivating our forests is clearly set forth in Superintendent Colvin's report on the Adirondack survey. "That the precipitation of rain is," he says, "greatly influenced by the presence or absence of forests, is no longer questioned among scientific men. It is nowhere claimed that the total amount of annual rainfall is changed by the destruction of forests in particular localities; but that a more desirable, uniform distribution of the rainfall throughout the year is secured by the retention in elevated districts and upon the fronts of the mountains of the dense growth of evergreen timber, whose shade protects the deep, spongy soil from the rays of the sun, preventing evaporation, and securing the more or less perfect condensation of the warm, moist breezes entering the cold forest. I say cold forest advisedly, for the researches of Ebermeyer, Professor of Forestry in Bavaria, based upon five years' observations at numerous points in that kingdom, prove as the results of more than five thousand observations that the mean annual temperature of the soil in the forests he examined is twenty-one per cent lower than in the open fields, and that the mean annual temperature of the atmosphere of the forests is ten per cent lower than that of the fields. With such a difference in the temperature between forest and clearing, the most ordinary knowledge of the laws governing the condensation of the moisture of the air suffices to render intelligible the cause of the frequently observed formation of a cloud when a warm, moist wind strikes against a cold, forest-covered mountain-side. That a cold surface of rock without forest will con-

dense the moisture of the air we are aware, but the conditions for condensation are best conserved when Nature's refrigerator, the dense evergreens and sphagnum (moss), present their chill caverns to the breeze."

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A CURIOUS snow-storm is described by a correspondent of the *Scientific American* as occurring in Connecticut late in the winter, when "the snow presented a novel and striking appearance. During the previous night about two inches of light snow had fallen, while there was a fresh southwesterly breeze, which afterward changed to north-west, and the morning was beautifully clear. The surface of the snow, where the land was not very uneven or much inclined, was strewn with snow-balls, varying in size from about nine inches through down to very small ones. Some were nearly spherical in general form, but nearly all were merely rolls of snow, funnel-shaped at the ends. These rolls, at the circumference, measured about the same (or a little less) in length as in diameter. There were many over nine inches through, and myriads of small ones. The surface of the snow was marked with shallow furrows as the snow-balls were formed, showing the changing direction of the wind. The balls were of sufficient consistency to be handled carefully." The same phenomenon was noticed in other localities. On the campus of the University of Rochester, New York, the ground in the early morning was covered with snow-balls, strewn about in the most fantastic manner. It seemed evident that they had fallen with considerable impetus, and rolled for some distance, gathering snow as they traveled, for there was a trail, sometimes several feet long, leading to each ball. Such phenomena as are here described are of not infrequent occurrence, but the conditions must, of course, be exactly right as to temperature, moisture, etc.

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MR. J. G. GRENFELL, in *Nature*, gives the following instance of intelligence in bears: "In the Clifton Zoological Gardens there are two female Polar bears between two and a-half and three years old, which came here quite young. One of these shows remarkable intelligence in cracking cocoanuts. A nut was thrown to-day into the tank; it sank a long way, and the bear waited quietly till after some time it rose a little out of her reach. She then made a current in the water with her paw, and thus brought it within reach. This habit has already been noticed several times in Polar bears. She then took it on shore and tried to break it by leaning her weight on it with one paw. Failing in this, she took the nut between her fore-paws, raised herself on her hind-legs to her full height, and threw the nut forward against the bars of the den, three or four feet off. She then again leaned her weight on it, hoping she had cracked it, but failed again. She then repeated the process, this time successfully. The keeper told me she employed the same method to break the leg-bone of a horse. That this is the result of individual experience, and not of instinct, is clear from the fact that her companion has not learned the trick of thus accomplishing his purpose, nor could this one do it when she first came."

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FROM the great importance of the cinchona alkaloids and their extensive use in medicine, it is exceedingly desirable that we should be able to make quinine artificially. This has not yet been done, but, with a view toward it, extensive researches are being made into the constitution of the cinchona alkaloids; and Skraup finds that all the four cinchona alkaloids—quinine, quinidine, cinchonine and cinchonidine—when oxidized with potassium permanganate yield fermic acid, and a base apparently related to phenol or carboic acid. Other modes of oxidation exhibit a relation between quinine and cinchonine. Cinchonine has been prepared artificially by treating a mixture

of nitrobenzol, aniline and glycerol with sulphuric acid. In its physiological properties it exhibits a certain relation to quinine; and, like it, reduces the temperature in fever and lessens or prevents putrefaction. It is said to differ from quinine in not producing giddiness, or ringing in the ears, and to have very little action on alcoholic fermentation.

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RATHER a curious lot of figures is brought together by Dr. Gill, of the Illinois penitentiary, showing the death-rate in the principal state prisons of the country. The most astonishing variations are shown. Thus, among New York prisons, while at Sing Sing the yearly deaths from 1000 inmates number a trifle less than 7, at Auburn there are 12, and at Clinton over 20. The lowest rate is 3, in Wisconsin, and the highest 77, in Mississippi. The practice of hiring out convicts to work in mines and upon railroads causes frightful death rates in several Southern States; but the New Hampshire figure is 48, for what reason does not appear. The rate in Massachusetts is 15, in Maine 15, in Vermont 25, and in Connecticut 15; Pennsylvania has 6 in the west and 14 in the east district, and the rate is generally very low in the states of the Northwest.

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THE influence of temperature has been applied by Dr. Taylor to the explanation of vernal floras. Species that bloom early are frequently identical with, or closely related to, Alpine species of the same latitude; and these, as is well known, bear a similar relation to Arctic species. Arctic and Alpine floras are commonly explained as remnants of the post-glacial flora, which have survived in consequence of the protection afforded by the cold of high altitudes or latitudes. Spring flowers it is claimed receive similar protection by their time of flowering. It is a suggestive fact that when our early flowering species also occur at high elevations, or farther north, they bloom much later than with us.

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IN an item published some time ago in these columns, reference was made to the attempt to breed ostriches in California. The question as to whether or not such an undertaking will be successful seems settled by what has just occurred at Woodward's gardens, San Francisco. One of the female birds at that resort has begun laying eggs, and bids fair to continue in the work for some time. She laid one on Tuesday and the next on Thursday. One of them weighs three and a half pounds, is four and a half inches in lateral diameter, and seven inches in longitudinal diameter. The ostrich lays every alternate day until she has ninety eggs collected.

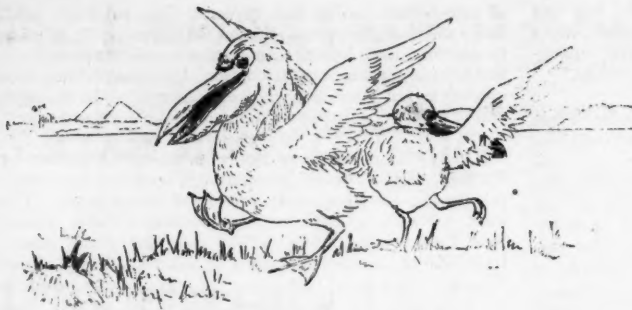
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THE old female hippopotamus presented to the Zoological Society of London, in 1853, by the Viceroy of Egypt, died in the gardens on the 16th of December, after having for some time past exhibited manifest signs of old age. Her mate died in 1877, after having lived twenty-seven years in the gardens. It is thus evident that about thirty years is the extreme limit of hippopotamine existence, as it is not at all likely (judging from the state of the teeth and bones) that either of these animals would have been able to support existence so long in its native wilds as under the favorable circumstances in which it lived in the Regent's Park.

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IN Russia the sunflower is extensively cultivated for the oil its seeds contain. The oil is palatable, clear and flavorless, and is used for adulterating olive oil, being exported from St. Petersburg to the shores of the Mediterranean Sea. Next to poppy-seed oil, sunflower oil burns clearest and longest, so that the peasants apply it to household purposes. From the stalks of the plants they also make a good quality of potash, and the residue of the seeds, after the oil is extracted, is made into oil-cake.

S. A. LATTIMORE



THE PELICAN'S COURTSHIP.

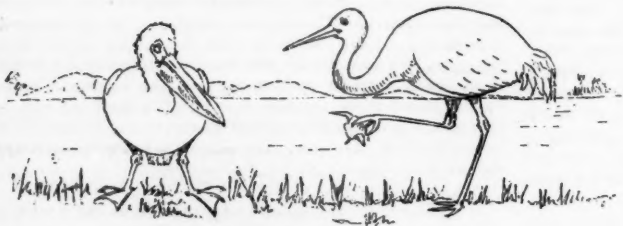
KING and Queen of the Pelicans we—
No other birds so grand we see;
None but we have feet like fins,
With lovely leathery throats and chins.

CHORUS—*Ploffskin, pluffskin pelican Jee,
We think no birds so happy as we!
Plumpskin, ploshskin, pelican Jill,
We thought so then, and we think
so still.*

We live on the Nile—the Nile we love;
By night we sleep on the cliffs above;
By day we fish, and at eve we stand
On long, bare islands of yellow sand;
And when the sun sinks slowly down,
And the great rock-walls grow dark and
brown,

Where the purple river rolls fast and dim,
And the ivory ibises starlike skim,
Wing to wing we dance around,
Stamping our feet with a flumpy sound,
Opening our mouths as pelicans ought,
And this is the song we nightly snort:

CHORUS—*Ploffskin, pluffskin, etc.*



Last year came out our daughter, Dell,
And all the birds received her well;
To do her honor a feast we made
For every bird that can swim or wade—
Herons and gulls and cormorants black,
Cranes and flamingoes with scarlet back:
Plovers and storks and geese in clouds,
Swans and Dillbury ducks in crowds—
Thousands of birds in wondrous flight—
They ate and drank and danced all night;
And echoing back from the rocks was heard
Multitude echoes from bird and bird.

CHORUS—*Ploffskin, pluffskin, etc.*

Yes, they came; and among the rest
The King of the Cranes, all grandly dressed.
Such a lovely tail!—its feathers float
Between the ends of his blue dress-coat—
With pea-green trowsers all so neat,
And a delicate frill to hide his feet—

For, tho' no one speaks of it, every one
knows

He has no webs between his toes.

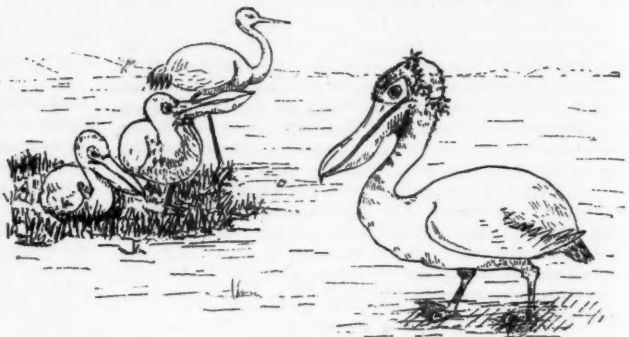
CHORUS—*Ploffskin, pluffskin, etc.*

As soon as he saw our daughter Dell,
In violent love that Crane-King fell,
On seeing her waddling form so fair,
With a wreath of shrimps in her short
white hair;

And before the end of the next long day
Our Dell had given her heart away.
For the King of the Cranes had won that
heart

With a crocodile egg and a large fish tart;
She vowed to marry the King of the Cranes,
Leaving the Nile for stranger plains,
And away they flew in a gathering crowd
Of endless birds in a lengthening cloud.

CHORUS—*Ploffskin, pluffskin, etc.*



And far away in the twilight sky
We heard them singing a lessening cry,
Farther and farther, till out of sight,
And we stood alone in the silent night.
Often since, in the nights of June,
We sit on the sand and watch the moon.
She has gone to the great Grombolian plain,
And we probably never shall meet again.
Oft in the long still nights of June
We sit on the rocks and watch the moon;
She dwells by the streams of the Chankly
Bore,

And we probably never shall see her more.

CHORUS—*Ploffskin, pluffskin, pelican Jee,
We think no birds so happy as we!
Plumpskin, ploshskin, pelican Jill,
We thought so then, and we think so still.*

EDWARD LEAR.

